THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WHIRL OF THE WIND

STRAWS in the wind: that rather hackneyed yet still vivid figure of speech so useful for those who discuss the signs of the times, can only be truly significant of the direction and force of the wind when or if the wind itself is something other than a mere eccentric gust or fantastic whirl. Which is one of the many reasons why the lot of the editorial writer, like unto that of Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one. The job of selecting from among the helter-skelter mass of events daily recorded by the press those items which really indicate the direction and force of the winds of public opinion is by no means the chief of his difficulties. A much harder task is that of trying to determine the events which are significant of the movement and strength of those currents of the human spirit which are deeper than what we call public opinion, or the usual happenings which make up the ordinary contents of our newspapers. As Walt Whitman somewhere says, with that occasional wisdom which manifests itself even when he is writing in his most rambling and vaguely pantheistic fashion, "All changes in exterior things are in vain without a change in that which underlies all appearances." Beneath all political, moral, economic and social happenings and movements, there are springs of action for which the only word we possess, although we cannot understand or fully explain it, is spiritual. And the straws with which we are here concerned are those which, so we of this paper believe, have not been set in motion by any chance eddy of ephemeral public opinion, but by that mighty force which is the wind of the spirit itself.

One of the news items which go to make up these straws, or signs, comes from Detroit, Michigan. It is concerned with that phenomenon of American life which has been dealt with by all sorts of writers, foreign and American both, as one of the most typical manifestations of our modern, mass-action, "go-getting," practical and materialistic democratic social life: namely, the convention habit. Once again, in that giganic city of mass production and intense industrialism, Detroit, delegates from all parts of the country have assembled, to dine together, and listen to speeches, and appoint committees, and pass resolutions, and make reports, and all the rest of it. There are tens of thousands of such conventions and conferences held in this busy land of ours every year. But this particular convention in Detroit had for its purpose something quite out of the ordinary; its motive was

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something very different to the usual motives and programs which bring Americans together in conventions. What that purpose was may perhaps be best indicated by turning to still another item of news which appeared at about the same time as the papers were briefly recording the meeting in Detroit. This second item came from Vatican City. It told how the Pope had for a space of days "gone into retreat." He had withdrawn himself during that time from all his usual duties as executive head of the tremendous world-wide organization known as the Catholic Church: an organization compared with which the most gigantic and complicated of commercial organizations—the Standard Oil Company, or General Motors—are mere trifles. For the time of this "retreat" the Pope was devoting himself, in complete silence and isolation, to his "spiritual exercise." When the "retreat" was over, he left the Vatican one morning, and (now linking himself in more than one way to Detroit) entered a motor car (which had been made in Detroit) and rode to the Church of Saint John Lateran, where he celebrated the Sacrifice of the Mass, on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as a priest in that historical church. Moreover, further to mark the occasion, he sent out a letter to all the bishops of the Catholic Church. The subject of this letter was the same subject as that discussed by the convention in Detroit. It will be the subject discussed by another great gathering to be held in Philadelphia early in February. It will continue to be the subject of similar meetings which conjointly mark the beginnings of what bids fair to become a mighty movement in America and Europe both, namely, the lay retreat.

The delegates who assembled in Detroit came from organized groups of Catholic men in all parts of the country who have built and who maintain, or who are planning to build and to maintain, houses set apart from the market place, and the business world, and from their own domestic centres, where once a year at least they and their friends, whether or not the latter are members of the Catholic Church, may enter into the solace of silence, may escape from the pressure of work, may give themselves to themselves for a few days at least, and there may meditate, and think, and read, and, if they so will, may pray. In New York there is such a house, Mount Manresa, on Staten Island. The Men of Malvern, as they call themselves, in Philadelphia have such a place. In California there is such a place, in the lovely Santa Clara Valley. Detroit has one; so has St. Louis; so too have many other cities and towns throughout the land. And more, many more, will be built. Probably most of them are conducted under the auspices of the Jesuit fathers, as is quite natural and proper, for, as the Pope says in the letter to which we have alluded, Saint Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, has been declared by the Church as "the heavenly patron of all spiritual exercises and, therefore, of institutes, sodalities, and bodies of every kind assisting those who are making the spiritual exercises"; but many other religious orders and congregations, notably the Passionists, are encouraging, building up and directing the retreat movement among the laity. Nor are the female orders and societies less active. In many convents from the Pacific to the Atlantic thousands of women retreat from the world for a day, or two or three days, or longer.

They retreat, both men and women, in order to fight again, and to advance more vigorously, when the retreat has served its purposes. For these retreat houses are sanitariums of the soul. They are wells of restoration. They are spiritual dynamos. They are not mere refuges for the defeated, or hiding places for deserters. No more active leader of the Catholic Church has appeared during centuries than the present Pope; none has been more practical, in the commonly accepted meaning of that term; none has more thoroughly believed in and promoted the advantages of exterior, organized, active means for propagating the Faith. "Catholic action, and again Catholic action, and, once more, Catholic action," seems to be the main theme and maxim at once of all his thoughts, words and deeds. But, as his last encyclical letter (Mens Nostra) so forcibly sets forth, he would have all types and modes of organized Catholic life and work grounded in personal, individual participation in, and expressing of, the spiritual life. And he considers the lay retreat movement—the prudent and well-organized use of the spiritual exercises, in especial the Ignatian method—as the chief instrument of Catholic action. In his own words, he would "have the manifold cohorts of the Catholic action polished or cultivated fitly by the spiritual exercises."

The national convention of the lay retreat movement in Detroit calls attention to the remarkable growth and vigorous development of this fundamental factor in the Catholic life of the United States—and not merely in the Catholic life, in any sectarian sense, but in the body of American life as a whole. Nearly all the retreat houses, both for men and for women, report a continuous and increasing number of non-Catholics who are using them. Some of our separated Christian brothers are even showing signs of building such houses of their own. And, quite apart from the fact that a certain number of non-Catholic individuals personally resort to these sanitariums of the soul, society in general receives the benefit that flows from them, for the tens of thousands of Catholic men and women, business leaders, doctors, lawyers, judges, workmen, clerks, housewives, teachers and women of the more restricted circles of society, who annually make use of the retreat houses, return to their work stronger and more complete men and women, made more truly healthful and helping, serener and surer and, in the best and least sentimental sense of the word, sweeter souls. And just as the early Church in the midst of the pagan world by the silent strength of its teachings, as proven in the characters and lives of its children, banished human slavery, and worked a moral

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transformation of the world around them, so too may the modern Catholic action succeed if the lay retreat movement proves itself, as it promises to do, not a mere fad in an age of fads and fancies, but a sure and stable development of something that began its course in the Church, as the Pope reminds us, in its very earliest time, in the ten days' retreat which the Apostles and disciples of the Founder of the Church made after His death, in that upper chamber of the house in Jerusalem, "which foreshadowed the first spiritual exercises; from which the Church came forth endowed with virtue and perpetual strength."

If it were possible correctly to estimate intangible things, it might be true to say that Detroit has done more to build up and make truly rich the life of this country in a time of considerable depression and doubt by the convention of the retreat movement, than has been done or which could be done by all the high-powered advertising of optimistic business slogans which could be devised by the most up-and-coming chamber of commerce in the land.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE Franco-Italian negotiations for a preliminary naval understanding have broken down, France having rejected Italy's proposal of naval parity, which was a principal point in Italy's brief. Italy had made it clear that she would accept any limit on tonnage that France considered necessary for her defense, but the French are sticking to their point that with coast lines on three seas and their overseas possessions, they need a greater naval power than Italy. There is no need to believe that the future cannot see an adjustment of these differences, especially when it is remembered that the French attitude all fall has been one of watchful waiting, and that she has left open possible avenues of retreat, should future developments warrant it. For the French government, even the London conference is merely an attempt to get ready for the meeting of the Preparatory Commission at Geneva, which in turn is to lay the foundations for a still later meeting on disarmament in which land and air forces will be considered as well as navies. The work at London they regard as the most tentative and informal kindergarten from which they may draw a lesson or two, but in which they will be careful to make no agreements which may be regretted later on. They are aware, however, that it may be a more serious business for others, and have declared that they will place no obstacles in the way of agreement between powers unwilling to wait for that general conference which is still two stages removed from London.

The Position of France

INDEED her Memorandum on Limitation of Armaments showed how far apart France stands from the rest of the powers. She would like the London meeting better if the negotiations were to be conducted upon the League Covenant instead of on the terms of the Kellogg pact. She would like it better if the other governments did not appear to be considering an arrangement dealing only with the five greatest navies and their adjustment by a mathematical yardstick. She would like it better if limitation were to be according to general tonnage rather than according to classes of ships. Yet the whole tone of the Memorandum was made friendly and hopeful by the statement that none of the difficulties to which she drew attention appear to be insuperable. At a time like this it is absolutely essential that every nation have its cards on the table. The world has no reason to be depressed by the fact that the French have been frank enough and courageous enough to state a position which might not have been amiably received.

JUST what the new Soviet idea of economics is cannot be learned from published accounts of the five-year industrialization plan devised by Stalin. It looks pretty much like a theory which nobody will be able to test until as many summers as there are fingers on one hand have rolled by. There is little doubt, however, that the present boss of the Kremlin is reverting to the tactics of Lenin. His recent speech announced that compromise with the Marxist program would have to disappear from the scene, and the Moscow Communist party committee has followed it with a resolution that the class of wealthy peasants must be "liquidated" and that "this process must imply the basic liquidation of the part taken by private capital in commerce." This decision means, as Mr. Walter Duranty has reported to the New York Times, a repetition of Lenin's action in 1923, which abolished by one stroke the opportunistic concessions made during the two previous years to private capitalistic enterprise. There are many who doubt the efficacy of this resurrected method. It seems to envisage political rather than economic necessities and even to indicate that these last are somewhat beyond the government's reach. On the whole we find the Russian situation more interesting just now than it has been for some time. As a consequence we hope to publish, in the near future, one or the other articles bearing on the matter.

Stalin Speaks

ONE of these days we hope that General Smuts will jettison his program of speeches on pacts, treaties and the dawn of peace long enough to comment on the situation in Palestine. For as one of the members of the war Cabinet responsible for the Balfour Declaration, he should have something interesting to say. That is why we are temerarious enough to invite him to speak his mind at this time when everyone seems willing to push aside the coffee cups, and proclaim what should be done for peace in that far-off land. He is one of the few men in the world whose opinion on this subject counts for any-

Changes in Palestine

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thing. Besides he has long been identified as a champion of the mandate principle, and his position now is that of a fond parent whose offspring is not everywhere regarded as an angel child. With Lloyd-George and Lord Balfour, General Smuts recently signed a letter which urged the appointment of an authoritative commission to conduct a searching inquiry into all the questions of policy and administration connected with the Mandate. "Such a commission would be an advertisement to the world that Britain has not weakened in a task to which her honor is pledged," said this letter, "and at the same time an assurance to Jews and Arabs alike that any proven defects in the present system of government will be made good." Such an assurance will certainly not be superfluous. The present Commission of Inquiry, with its limited powers to inquire into specific matters, has exasperated more than it has conciliated the quarreling forces. Its slowness, and above all its seeming inability to come to grips with the situation is not good for the Palestinian nerves. The colonies of Zion are apprehensive; and the Arabs, townsmen and tribesmen, are restless, hostile, united for the first time in generations, determined not to accept the Declaration.

THE arrival of the troops four months ago meant only that major disturbances, for the time being, were at an end. No one expected that the country could settle down amicably. But a respite had been provided, and it was hoped that the opportunity could be taken to adjust political differences at the root of the troubles. The time has passed rapidly; nothing has been done, and the most recent reports are alarming, to say the least. Both sides are busy forming illegal political and defense societies; there has been rioting in some of the outlying colonies. Most of the trouble, obviously, can be attributed to the Arabs; they are responsible for the recent outrages, and their anti-Jewish boycott is a constant source of danger. But the Arabs think they have a grievance, and England has done nothing in four months to modify it, if it does exist, or to prove to them that it does not. What may be needed in Palestine is a new personnel for the administration. In a situation of this sort, having the right officials is worth five commissions and ten armies. Captain R. G. Canning's recent report, which spoke of the Arab resentment for "unversed judges" is not alone in indicating changes which certain administrative conditions would probably make a good deal better.

PROPAGANDA has been under fire at Rollins College, Florida, while diverse experts have investigated our monstrous mass rule. Many sensible things were uttered, and the several newspaper editors who attended the session defended their trade like men. There was just one fairly amusing thread in the discussion. When Professor Bruce, of Dartmouth College, declared, "It is my belief that popular government is government by mediocrity," he left us wondering just a little as to what kind of government would not be mediocre. His confrère of Chicago, Professor John Hopkins, reminded us all that American civilization will be stagnant while 95 percent of the wealth is in the hands of 5 percent of the people. Obviously, therefore, good government is not to be expected of the rich. Shall we turn to the professors? Experience with faculty meetings leads us to believe that this expedient would not merely be precarious but that it would be bitterly resented by the other professors. Or shall we come back, after all, to the clergy? One has only to ask this question in order to hear the protests echoing back in volume. The only way out seems to be an invitation to Mussolini or Primo de Rivera. We are far from convinced, however, that even this rather extreme measure would be a guarantee against mediocrity.

Democracy Under Fire

THREE corollaries of the crash in stock values may now be said to have asserted themselves: the influence of purely financial factors, such as the action of the British banking system in withdrawing funds invested here; the relative stability of commodity prices, despite a considerable cheapening of money; and the small amount of productive recession in basic enterprises. Employment is the index which has been most anxiously observed, and one is led to believe that there has been no marked fluctuation directly traceable to new conditions. White-collar jobs are slightly harder to find, and various city agencies we have been in touch with list unusually large numbers of unplaced applicants. The roots of unemployment are embedded in far deeper soil, however. Speaking at a meeting of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, President William Green announced plans for a detailed survey of the situation. Like many other students of the problem, he seemed most concerned over the displacement of men by machines, and gave as a pertinent instance the supplanting of theatre musicians by the talkies. The phenomenon is general and part of our machine age. It will be interesting to see just how large a percentage of the 3,000,000 jobless citizens of the country can trace their woes to this source. Industry would doubtless give at least one of its socks for some vast new enterprise able to stabilize the labor market.

Out of Work

THE boycotted lecture and the conciliatory luncheon which followed the visit of Count Karolyi to the United States showed some aspects of a comedy of errors. Barred from this country by a Secretary of State who termed such exclusion "safeguarding our republic," the Count immediately became the hero of the various dissenting political minorities. Consequently the Rand School of Social Science was quick in offering its patronage to the Count's lecture but

The Pot Calls the Kettle

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the Hungarian revolutionary exile was not equally anxious to be tarred with its, or any, political stick. He declared his independence of the Socialist-Liberal group and, because of his discriminatory tactics, delivered his more or less innocuous denouncement of Fascism to a mere handful of listeners. Then down to the luncheon perhaps through expediency or perhaps through sheer amiability, he went and the peace pipes were smoked. But meanwhile Mr. Norman Thomas, who has sometimes been called the American Socialist party, had made a rather pithy statement about the noble speaker. "The Count," he declared, "proclaims that he is not a Communist, not a social Democrat, but 100 percent Marxian Socialist. Well, maybe I do not at present know enough of his quarrel with Hungarian Socialists to judge its merits. But this business of belonging neither to the Communist nor the Socialist party, but being 100 percent Socialist, while possible, is both difficult and dubious." So the trouble between the school and the Count was, after all, merely one of lack of definition. This need may be too unimportant to be supplied but the painstaking student of political science cannot be blamed for seeking an answer to the question, When is a Socialist not a Socialist?

EXAMINATION of Mr. Thomas's speeches while campaigning for the mayorality of the City of New York and his statements during the maneuvers to revise his party's policies so that independent voters might swear permanent allegiance to it, reveals more of the humor of the most recent Karolyi affair. For it was Mr. Thomas who suggested that "there may be groups within labor and one group of intellectuals that we should invite for a conference to talk over this situation [the situation being the large number of votes polled by Mr. Thomas in November] rather than demand that they accept our party stand and program." He was promptly supported by Dr. John Haynes Holmes, who was no doubt more zealous than was desired when he advocated a clean-cut compromise of principle so that the party might enrol the thousands of independents whose votes went to the Socialist candidate. Despite the determined opposition of Mr. Morris Hillquit, spokesman of the left wing of the party, the acceptance, in theory, of the Holmes proposal was not a new one. Curiously enough Mr. Thomas, consciously or unconsciously, adopted it during his campaign. His speeches were evidently inspired by the same principles that actuate any reform candidate. What was Socialistic about them was well concealed. Certainly it is not in consonance with Mr. Thomas's known probity for him to seek followers by a pretended abandonment of the more unpopular tenets of Socialism. It is in consonance for him to redefine exactly what principles he would expect to carry over into the formation of a new party, whether it is to be known as Socialist or by any other name. Until he does this, his remarks about 100 percent Socialists remain as a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

ITALY thoroughly enjoyed the marriage of Prince Humbert to Princess Marie José. The murderous intent of a revolutionary in Brussels was forgotten, and everything in the way of vivas, uniforms and confetti was generously supplied. Indeed, one might have believed all of Rome was getting married, with a cardinal officiating. In company with the great majority of our fellow-Americans, we thoroughly enjoyed reading the accounts; and we certainly hope that the future happiness of the royal pair will symbolize the prosperity and peace of the Italian nation. Nevertheless it is not difficult to foresee many an hour of stress for Humbert. The monarchy itself is in no immediate danger. Forms of government turn republican only when the stupidity of a ruling house makes citizens worry about them. But how steadily the king of Italy is being pushed into a position of arbiter between Fascismo and other movements is obvious even from the emphasis which the Papacy is placing upon cordial relations with the royal family. Mussolini's party cannot be supplanted without a revolution of some sort, and this is not even threatened. Our hope is that conditions will change gradually and benignly. Its realization must depend largely on the tact, the courage and the popularity of the royal family.

The Prince Marries

THE annual conventions of Newman Clubs in the New York area invariably attract much attention and present an index to the work being done for Catholic students in secular colleges throughout the nation. This year's meeting appears to have been an exceptionally successful one. A spirit of confidence prevailed, and many delegates averred that the status of their organizations revealed great improvement. Once again a Communion Mass in Saint Patrick's cathedral brought together a crowd of more than fifteen hundred Newmanites who then assembled for breakfast. The speakers emphasized diverse aspects of Catholic action in the United States, laying stress both upon what has been accomplished and upon what remains to be done. It was recalled that the doctrine of the Church is venerable, having passed through numberless attacks fomented by ideologies quite like specifically modern philosophies. The Reverend George B. Ford, Catholic chaplain at Columbia University, was primarily responsible for the occasion's success.

Newman Clubs in Session

THE lean years are by no means immediately ahead of us—on this point all the greatest figures in industry and commerce are agreed. Indeed the authorities have so frequently assured the public that American business is sound that many persons who never dreamed it was otherwise have begun to worry about it. Apparently things have changed. Someone is nervous. We doubt that the public, generally, was at all frightened during the unpleasantly

Who's Nervous?

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remembered days of last October, and we doubt that the public, generally, is frightened now. But this campaign of optimism is having its deadly effect, and unless it is moderated we expect to see everyone's nerves on the ragged edges of collapse. So far the only business about which we have not been reassured by twenty different experts in twenty separate states is the book business. And this happy silence is a sufficient guarantee, for us at least, that reading will still be a major pastime in A.D. 1930.

TEN YEARS OF THE LEAGUE

ON SEPTEMBER 7 of last year, the corner-stone of the projected "palace" of the League of Nations was laid, with appropriate ceremonies in which the disgruntled as well as the enthusiastic citizens of Geneva took part. It is no secret that many residents of Calvin's old city accuse the international bureaucracy created by the League of having raised the cost of living and increased the number of tourist automobiles. Similarly there are still not a few persons in all parts of the world who view this fraternizing among nations with deep suspicion. Some believe that it is all a matter of oratorical smoke-screens, behind which the real powers which govern worldly affairs proceed to their ends with undiminished cynicism. Others hold that the League is dangerous—dangerous because its decisions may cause rather than prevent war, dangerous because patriotism alone is worthy of the human intelligence and heart. Our own Middle-West is still pretty firmly committed to this point of view, holding that it was sold out by the dreams of Mr. Wilson. And a recent book by René Benjamin (Les Augures de Genève) is a fair sample of the scorn which extreme nationalists in Europe heap upon an institution about which they carefully refrain from knowing too much.

For all that, the League is ten years old, it is beginning to house itself appropriately, and it has assumed a system of functions which it performs with despatch. It has both a record of achievements and a conception of possibilities no observer of political realities, however antipathetic, can ignore. In a recent article, Sir Philip Gibbs declared that "its present strength and prestige are almost miraculous." This is not the place to attempt an analysis of the circumstances which have caused this seemingly marvelous development. Possibly, however, we can isolate a few factors of general interest and importance and so speculate upon the effectiveness of the weapons which the movement for peace believes it has accumulated.

In 1920 Europe had underwritten treaties which virtually guaranteed the stability of a new map of the world. The Allies were not merely victorious. They professed to be the sole guardians of political justice and democratic aspiration. Nevertheless it was perfectly clear that this pose would be difficult to maintain. On the one hand, their moral case was immediately and seriously assailed by the publication of secret documents, the dissatisfaction of the United States, and the secession of Russia from the social order of western Europe. On the other hand, six months had not passed before it was wholly evident that while the central powers had been defeated they remained invaluable components of the economic structure of Europe; and in about the same length of time the horizon began to bristle with problems created by the redistribution of national boundaries. The Allied solidarity commenced to wane in accordance with the divergent views and purposes of Great Britain, France, Italy and the Balkans.

Never in its history, perhaps, has Europe been so badly infected with the germs of war as during the four or five years which followed the Treaty of Versailles. One may say that only the military prestige of France and Britain kept the peace—a perilous and necessarily transitory situation. There were just two kinds of hopeful pacific ballast. First, public opinion was profoundly opposed to hostilities and anxious to clear away the wreckage left by four years of storm. Second, the League was a timid and quite helpless association of diplomatic representatives few of whom had any faith in the venture, but it was nevertheless a hub round which the efforts of statesmanship could move. In both cases, the attitude of the Holy See was important and very typical. The Vatican clamored incessantly for peace, urging the faithful to work and pray for international amity and enjoining upon its ministers a careful abstinence from bellicose politics. It likewise abetted the League, even though it itself had not been invited to join.

One after another, the great crises were met. In not a single instance was the League itself the direct instrument of settlement, but almost always the League was the starting-point and (one may say) the incentive. If there had been no organized international machinery at Geneva, war between Greece and Italy could hardly have been avoided by a conference of ambassadors during 1923. Without the League, the great work of Locarno might have been postponed for years. Even in the most vital matters—regulation of war debts, evacuation of German territory, naval disarmament—the League was an indispensable part of the background, even though the actual settlements were effected through conferences in which the United States, officially an absentee from Geneva, took a leading rôle. Meanwhile it had brought not a few tasks to a successful conclusion. It was the agency which made possible the financial reconstruction of Austria, through a loan of 27,000,000 in 1922; it had effected the rescue of Greek refugees, fleeing from the victorious Mustapha Kemal; and, in having respected the protest of the Holy See against the original Balfour agreement, it had to some extent made itself the mouthpiece of the European conscience.

No doubt, however, the rehabilitation of Germany has been the greatest achievement of the League to

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date. While the entry of the Reich caused not a few flurries and one important quarrel, it did more than any other thing could to guarantee the stability of the Geneva institution. One reason is certainly the advent of the policy through which Stresemann sought to effect the political reorientation of his country. He left it no secret that Germany would seek to get through the League a modification of conditions she considered unjust and destructive of her welfare. But thereby he committed his countrymen to a program of constructive political action rather than to some dangerous dream of revenge. It became clear that Berlin would do all it could to foster the stability of Geneva, and offer in exchange the promise of European security.

To concur in this view and to obtain for France the benefits it seemed to involve has been the great service of Aristide Briand. Many consider him the foremost political figure as yet identified with the League. Employing both the public and the private diplomatic contacts afforded by Geneva, Briand has voiced again and again the expectations of progressive public opinion, never forgetting the interests of his own country and yet always realizing that a stable Europe cannot be based upon French military hegemony. Great Britain has sent two of its most adroit statesmen to the League, and even the prejudiced must admit that Lord Cecil and Sir Austen Chamberlain have faced issues with a breadth and contemporaneousness which pre-war diplomacy seldom permitted. The presence of such personalities has been of unquestionable value to the League; and spectators in close touch with the situation feel that several among the younger men now stationed at Geneva as representatives will find handsome and plentiful opportunity to exercise their gifts.

We do not feel, however, that the absence of the United States from the League Assembly has worked to the disadvantage of either side. A fairly complete schedule of coöperation between the two has now been worked out; and though it is necessarily cumbersome and perhaps even defective in some particulars, it has the advantage of whole-hearted support by American opinion. There is every reason to believe that for the present the League must concern itself almost exclusively with European affairs; and it faces such complex and crucial problems as the treatment of minorities, the intra-continental tariff and the curtailment of land armies—problems toward the solution of which the United States could contribute very little in open debate. For its part, the question of relationships with and between the other peoples of the American continents is of critical significance. Here again League of Nations' decisions might hamper rather than aid the finding of the right answers. These differences are real and obvious, but they will prevent no one who examines the situation carefully from feeling that Geneva is more than a symbol of progress and that it can, in all truth, foster international good-will without demanding from any country even a partial sacrifice of its legitimate aspirations.

RIOTS FOR LEARNING

THE grandest story in many weeks emanates not from Antarctica, nor any place more remote than New York, where the police reserves were called upon to quell a riot which had broken out in a crowd unable to gain admittance into the Museum of National History, which was showing a movie illustrating the Einstein Theory. One thousand invitations had been issued, and we should say that ordinarily a response of 2 percent might have been expected; instead some forty-five hundred assembled at the appointed hour. Tex Rickard in his greatest days had no such problem as this: to accommodate four times as many spectators as he could seat, and 75 percent of them gate-crashers, the largest percentage ever of uninvited guests.

This has not been a winter in which such a demonstration of enthusiasm might go unnoticed. New York has not been fighting to see its favorites. The key mood of the city has been indifference to anything but the stock market, and even that has of late become a bore. There have been no riots at the art exhibitions; the Opera House and the theatres have not yet called desperately for the reserves. Einstein has succeeded where the best singers, excitingest painters, and most glamorous personalities of the stage have failed. Blows are struck and blood is shed over the one man whose ideas should be counted upon to put an audience most rapidly and effectively to sleep.

Perhaps we can find a clew to all this in Mr. Coolidge's observations on the American character. He finds that we are a select people, sound of heart, limitless in spiritual power, and that one of the "immediate causes of our material progress" is the superiority of our character. Such a people might be expected to pass by the artificialities of the theatre for the realities of learning. Of course there is a chance that the ex-President may look upon the crowds that rioted before the Museum as the "camp followers" of civilization. They may be examples of the "idle, vicious, boisterous wastrels" to whom he referred.

One thing for which Mr. Coolidge forgot to praise us is our desire for improvement. Surely this is a commendable trait, even if it is sometimes manifested in startling ways, and we do not always follow the avenues which may reasonably lead to its satisfaction. And thus it may be that the men who stormed the Einstein movie are but a fragment of the hosts who have lately walked in the mansions of philosophy, or done valiant service in the art of thinking. For it is well known that when the love of knowledge invades a man, he will swim the widest river, and attack on the other shore. Clubs and swords will not prevent him, and there are no walls he will not batter down.

Or it may be that the whole incident is a page from another day—such a day as when the Florentines carried Cimabue's Madonna in triumph through the streets, or the students of Salamanca swarmed from the town to welcome a returning sage.

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FRANCO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING

By JOHN CARTER

International good-will depends upon a great many things besides battleships and speeches. Mr. Carter analyzes the misunderstandings which have arisen between post-war America and France, traces most of them to business and finance, but reveals the curious psychological character of some. Of course there are bonds which make for friendship, too. "The key to the understanding of France," we are reminded, "is French civilization." This is the second of a series of papers which Mr. Carter is writing for The Commonweal on the general topic of American foreign policy.—The Editors.

ONE of the major tragedies of the post-war era has been the failure of France and America to understand each other, economically speaking. The political sympathy between the two nations has survived undiminished, but in the business world the French and the Americans have been separated by a gulf which neither the memory of Lafayette nor the name of Pershing has been able to bridge. For the American economist, all gall has been divided into three parts, the largest and most bitter of which takes its cue from Paris; for the French business man, America has appeared as a ruthless and greedy competitor, without an atom of sympathy for French civilization or an ounce of economic logic in his make-up.

Accordingly, a review of the economic relations between the two countries since the armistice has been apparently a series of head-on collisions between two diametrically opposed schools of thought and two absolutely diverse codes of practice. The adverb "apparently" is the saving grace of the situation, for actually the two nations are bound together by a large and increasing body of common interests which have composed most of the squabbles characterizing recent Franco-American business relations.

To begin with, there is the matter of the tariff. Before the war, France maintained a rigid tariff system, treating all nations alike, asking favors of none; the United States, on the contrary, still predicated its tariff on reciprocity, mutual favors, mutual bargains. Since the war, each nation has reversed itself. France has adopted the "bargaining tariff," with different scales of duties for different states; in 1922, the United States adopted the rigid unconditional tariff, treating all nations alike, asking favors of none. Each nation has defended its new system with eloquence, logic and moral energy. The American system of valuation, the American practice of sending Treasury agents to discover foreign costs of production, the American penalties for failure to permit these agents to discover these costs, have irritated the French. The French commercial treaty with Germany, which gave France's former enemy more generous tariff treatment than that received by France's wartime associate, irritated the Americans. The consequence has been a continual backing and filling, complaint and counter-complaint, and a protracted negotiation for a new commercial treaty between the two countries.

French methods of taxation, particularly the peculiar quirk in the French law which authorizes the French Treasury to tax foreign corporations in France twice, once on their own dividends and once more on their probable share of dividends declared by parent corporations, have distinctly cramped the style of the American subsidiary in France. This has naturally exasperated the parent corporation which, by establishing a subsidiary, has sought to adapt its business more perfectly to the needs of the French market. French efforts to combat American motion-picture films, to limit them by numbers, and to enforce the establishment of a great French cinema industry, had provoked an acute crisis in the foreign operations of the American picture companies, until the talkies came along to change the entire picture, as it were, and to give the controversy a paradoxical quietus. In other matters, such as freedom of air navigation, the French have maintained the strict spirit of reciprocity: nothing for nothing. This has proved extremely annoying to American business enterprises which have grown fat on the doctrine of mutual give and take, combined with intensive competition along strictly business lines.

On the other hand, the French have had many complaints to make of America. In the first place, the American tariff has borne very hard on French luxury exports. Luxuries are the natural prey of the tax-collector. It has been France's hard luck that so much of her native enterprise has been concentrated in the production of luxuries. The greatest post-war luxury market has been the United States, and French products—gloves, silk stockings, millinery, dresses, jewelry, perfumes and cosmetics—have had to run the gauntlet of high fiscal tariffs in the United States. This has seemed at times to be a positive discrimination against French commerce, whereas it has been merely an attempt to raise revenue from the traditional source of revenue. France has grumbled at this.

Then there is prohibition. Prohibition has not merely injured France economically by shutting off a large pre-war market for the fine French wines, cordials, liqueurs, champagnes—to name which is madness in this Volsteadian day; prohibition has shocked France to the core. How any race could be so benighted as to scorn one of God's greatest and most genial gifts to man has exceeded the imagination of the race which produced Montaigne and Descartes. Only Voltaire could have imagined such a law and he would merely have done so in playful irony. This is serious. Americans come to France, drink and make merry; France hears of bootleggers, synthetic gin and whisky, poisoned

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alcohol, and shudders at our hypocrisy. Prohibition offends France as being as great an excess as drunkenness; it has done much to alienate French sympathy from the United States.

Then there is money. This is not the so-called "debt question," now ratified by both countries and safely out of the way. The American attitude toward money has been as offensive to the French as the French attitude to the Americans. In France, what one might call the sacramental view of money prevails. Money is there the symbol of human labor, of self-denial, of skill, of integrity; it is a social sacrament. The American, for all his alleged materialism, is apt to regard money as he regards the chips in a game of poker. When American tourists pasted depreciated French bank-notes on their suit-cases, it was in a spirit of financial horse-play; to the French it was a degrading insult, a belittling of the soul of France, a barbarous indelicacy. Where Americans have gained the impression that the Frenchman is a money-grubber who can squeeze a sou until it cries "Papa!", Frenchmen have come to regard the Americans as a race of moneyed boors, without a proper sense of values, wasteful of their substance, despicable fools to be gulled by the first comer. This, far more than any matter of war debts, has accounted for the bitterness of France toward financial America. There has seemed to be a vital inconsistency between a government which insisted on its financial rights and a people who were careless of their money, unless indeed the debts were being deliberately employed to humiliate and enfeeble France. Only the few Frenchmen, like Premier Tardieu, who knew and appreciated America have stood between the two peoples and this Franco-American money complex, and have prevented it from precipitating a really major crisis in their political relationships.

Such are the differences, some solved, some in process of solution, some as insoluble as ever. What of the unities? In what way do France and America compliment each other? Irrespective of the 300,000-odd tourists a year from the United States who have watered France with American exchange and have redressed the balance of trade, the two countries do a mutual trade of $400,000,000 a year. We buy nearly a fifth of all French exports, we supply France with nearly a sixth of all her imports. At a time when domestic crises have made the foreign market of greater importance than ever before, we can scarcely afford to ignore the French customers who account for one-twentieth of all our export trade.

What holds us together? Nearly 18,000,000 pounds of lard, over 52,000,000 pounds of prunes, 21,000,000 pounds of tobacco, over 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, more than 800,000 bales of cotton, 7,726,000 barrels of gasoline, 172,000,000 pounds of copper, 60,000 dozen safety razor blades, 7,093 adding machines, 36,990 typewriters—according to the Department of Commerce. Or if you take it the other way round, 14,000,000 pounds of French walnuts, 4,500,000 pairs of French gloves, 11,500,000 pounds of French cigarette paper, and the $40,000,000 worth of silk wearing apparel, perfumery, furs, jewelry, cosmetics and works of art which we bought from France in 1928. France contains the largest permanent American "foreign colony" in the world, excepting only Canada. Good Americans go to Paris when they die or when they are very young. French art, French taste, French literature, hold America and France in a warm and close embrace.

And then there is French industry. The thing which we can learn of France, and are constantly learning of France, is the art which is the mother of all arts, the art of taking pains, of working thoroughly, long and well. What this means can be brought home by a few plain statistics. Farming is a typical American enterprise and our farmers consider themselves about as efficient as any in the world. The French farmer can get nearly 50 percent more wheat to the acre than his American competitor, 10 percent more rye, 40 percent more oats, 50 percent more potatoes, and more barley and sugar beets and other produce. We think of France as essentially a luxury-producing country; in 1927, France mined three-quarters as much iron ore as did the entire United States and eclipsed the United States as a steel exporter. The French are not a frivolous, inefficient people, fond of dancing and light wines. They like music and wine (as does every nation) but they are dour, persevering, intelligent, and as efficient and hard-working as any race in the world. When American business men begin to realize that, the first part of economic disarmament between the two countries will have been accomplished; the second will have to await the day when the French admit that it is as possible and as legitimate for an American to make money in business as it is for a Frenchman, and that in neither case is commercial success necessarily the mark of Babbitt barbarity.

It is essential that the business interests of the two nations should understand each other. France is the spokesman for the European system of economics, a system based upon human labor, fine workmanship and an astute appreciation of values, both human and economic. Unless we can understand and appreciate France we cannot expect to make economic headway on the European mainland. It is not enough to rely upon Great Britain and Germany, as being essentially similar in method to America; their dissimilarities are what will cause us difficulties and these dissimilarities are common to the entire continent. France, moreover, is the keystone to the plan of European economic union. Sooner or later that union will come, in one form or another, but it must include France, and French brains and French resources will assure to France a large degree of leadership in the joint European enterprise. Unless we understand France, we will be in grave danger of drifting into unnecessary conflict with the massed business interests of Europe. France, in addition to this, is the key to the whole system of

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European finance. France has the largest gold reserve of the continent. France has an ideal location as distributing centre between western and central Europe, between the British Isles and northern Africa. In France is concentrated the entire nexus of reparations and debt payments on which the stability of occidental finance depends. Unless we understand France, the financial troubles of the past ten years will arise to haunt future generations which have never known the war that produced them, and which will ignore the consequences of a failure to maintain international solvency and stability.

The key to the understanding of France is French civilization, that strange salty blend of Latin mysticism and Gallic rationalism, of imagination and logic, of form and content. France has a civilizing mission in the modern world, as intermediary between ancient truths and modern necessities. France knows that practically speaking, there are limits to reason as there are to faith, and venerates the indispensable scepticism which distinguishes homo sapiens from the pagan or the mechanical child. And France, finally, represents to us the Latin race, with whose destiny our own is so incongruously but inevitably commingled. Latins to south of us in Mexico, in the Caribbean, in South America; Latins to north of us in eastern Canada; Latins to west of us in the Philippines; Latins to east of us in France, Portugal, Spain and Italy: unless we know the Latins we can never achieve the destiny which is written in our stars, and France is, for us, the best of tutors in appreciating the genius of the Latin race.

It is, probably, this deep-seated sense of needing France in a way which is indissolubly linked to our national past and future that is the best assurance that Franco-American differences will be composed. It is idle to vaunt ourselves on the fact that France must buy our cotton, petroleum, copper, prunes, wheat and tobacco. We learn more about France in one whiff of Coty's latest essence, more in one glimpse of Worth's latest style, than France can learn of us from all the prunes in Christendom. What we sell France is American merchandise; what the French sell us is—France. Therefore, in spite of all irritations and exasperations and gesticulations, we shall come to agreement with the French, sooner or later, on every point at issue, because we need French civilization fully as badly as France needs American goods. Tariffs and taxes, films and automobiles, prohibition and perfumes, even debts will pass away or yield to new controversies on God knows what, but God, who made the French, knows that they will be bitter. Nevertheless, the two countries must fundamentally remain on the best of terms. Our tourists, our students, our rich and cultured citizens, will continue to find in France a foster-mother of the soul. Our fields and our mines will continue to pour out the commodities to keep the French clothed and fed. And our economists, if they are wise, will study France and study the French. To paraphrase Wellington, the economic battle of the future, so far as America is concerned, will be won on the café terraces of Paris. For unless we, as a nation, discover how to adjust our rather cloudy business ideas and rigid business methods to the logical ideas and flexible methods of the French, we will fail to grasp the opportunity which the twentieth century so advantageously offers us: the economic synthesis of the world.

IRISH EARLS AND IRISH CASTLES

By PADRAIC COLUM

JUST at the entrance to the College of Maynooth where the priests of Ireland receive their training, there is the ruin of a great castle—an ivy-covered tower and keep. This is Maynooth Castle, and the College is built on what was the deer park of its grounds. Part of what is here is as old as any Norman foundation in Ireland, for the beginning of it was made by Maurice Fitzgerald who was with the first band of Norman adventurers that came into the country. He was given the lordships of Maynooth and Naas. This conquistadore was already half Celtic, for his mother was Nesta, the daughter of a Welsh prince. And already the Fitzgeralds—the Gheraldi of Tuscany—had an ancestry that had been brought back to Trojan times.

When the small Norman forces were faced with the Irish before Dublin and were affrighted by the possibility of a Norse fleet coming in and joining with the king of Ireland's forces, Maurice Fitzgerald exclaimed, "Can we expect aid from our own land? We have no land, and Ireland does not detest us more than England does. To arms, then, Barons!" It was this speech that put heart in the Normans. The Battle of the Liffey was fought in 1171, and five Norman barons with a few hundred men overthrew King Roderick O'Connor, and prepared the way for Henry II's formidable invasion. The barons who won that battle might have ruled Ireland as kings had not their leader Strongbow, weaker than his name implies, stepped down when his Plantaganet king made him.

But while remaining barons in name, the Fitzgeralds became great princes, ruling over these fertile lands of Kildare and taking possession of a royal domain in Desmond. Maynooth was the first and the greatest of their castles. Its fall marked the beginning of a new epoch in Irish history—the epoch that was to end with the extirpation of the great lords. The Fitzgerald of the time was a picturesque, and, probably, a chivalrous and romantic young man. He was wont to apparel himself so gorgeously that the

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Irish knew him as Silken Thomas. He heard that his father had been executed in the Tower of London—the rumor was not true—and forthwith he attempted to set up rule in Ireland in the anti-English interest. But the Irish lords were not ready to give him whole-hearted support in this move. His own uncles were against it. The energetic and resourceful deputy, Skeffington, appeared before Maynooth: Lord Thomas was in the West raising aid, and the castle was betrayed to the deputy by Fitzgerald's foster-brother. Holinshed tells how the traitor received the thanks of the deputy and the great sum of money that he had bargained for. Then he was beheaded. No stipulation had been made about sparing his head. Silken Thomas was beheaded at Tyburn. Five of his uncles shared his fate. Henry VIII, according to Holinshed, was persuaded "that he should never conquer Ireland as long as any Geraldines breathed in the country."

Eighteen years afterward the estates, castles and titles of the earls of Kildare were given back to the eleventh earl. Thereafter the Geraldine of Kildare was a great lord, not a semi-independent prince.

Carton, near the old castle, is now the seat of this family: its head is the Duke of Leinster. I go there hoping that I may be permitted to look at the portraits that are in the house. I pass through a gate and see a demesne before me that seems to be as wide as the Phoenix Park. I come to a stream that has about a score of water-hens upon it; I have never seen so many of these shy creatures together; a flock of them there seem to be. I cross the stream and come to another gate and enter another demesne. And I come to a house bigger than any I have ever seen.

Perhaps Carton is not really as big as Versailles, but there, in the middle of the grass-lands of Kildare, with nothing to lead up to it—no hill, no woods, no other walls—it seemed to me about Louis XIV's size. And before the house, on the grass, were about a thousand of the most rapacious rooks I ever looked on. They had started, I thought, to tear the whole demesne up.

I imagine the house has about one one-hundredth of the staff of the servants and retainers that kept it going in the eighteenth century. I thought that a dozen or else no servant at all would appear. But one old servant came and brought me within.

In a poem which James Stephens has translated, David O'Bruadair, addressing a Geraldine lady, exclaims that it is not possible for one of her princely race "to use a poet less than courteously." Lady Nesta Fitzgerald, I found, is true to the good fame of her line. She took me through the gallery and showed me the portraits of the Geraldines of the old days. She has favorites. There is the Enchanted Earl. I look upon the features of a man who is of the type that was at Francis I's or Henry VIII's court, and I remember that he has come into the telling of many an Irish folk-tale.

> Of Earl Gerald, how he rides abroad,
> His horse's hooves shod with the weighty silver,
> And how he'll ride all roads till those horse's hooves
> Are worn thin—
> As thin as the cat's ears before the fire,
> Upraised in such content before the fire,
> And making little lanterns in the firelight.

"Yes. When his horse's shoes are worn out he'll come back and destroy the enemies of our country," said the lady. There is another portrait of him shown me, a smaller one thought to be by Holbein.

How did Earl Gerald enter into the circle of Fionn and Frederick Barbarossa? His reputation as a learned man, as a wizard came first. He had a library that must have been among the best of its time: a catalogue of books that were in it has come down to us—they were in Latin and English, French and Irish. From being a learned man, a wizard, an enchanter, Earl Gerald passed into being one who was enchanted, taking the place of some older hero of the folk.

Alone among the nobility of Ireland, the Geraldines produced men who were Irish and who were Europeans. There was—to skip two centuries—Lord Edward Fitzgerald who was like Earl Gerald in his being Irish and European. Here is his portrait with the portrait of his wife, Pamela—Pamela, the daughter of Madame de Genlis and Philippe Egalité. She has a little face and long brown eyes—a lovely creature. Lord Edward, with this romantic and enthusiastic face, must have been one of the most fascinating men of his time.

Lord Edward, too, has come into the circle of folk-lore. Once, in a cottage, a man told me a story about him—a story that had the simplicity of a folk-tale and some of its charming turns. When he was a young man Lord Edward heard much of the lewdness of London. For a long time he did not credit these stories. He thought they were made up to discredit the people of London. But more and more the stories oppressed him, and at last he decided to go in person and find out if London was really depraved. He went over to that city. One night he put on a disguise, and went down a very evil street. Now, a lady in Paris had also been oppressed by such tales of wickedness. She had come to London, bringing her aunt. They had taken lodgings. One night the young lady disguised herself and went into the ill street. Like Lord Edward, she was concerned to discover or deny the depravity. Its bad report had brought Lord Edward and herself into the same street. The lady was disguised as an old beggar-woman.

Maybe she was wishful to know what sort was the young man who was in the wicked street at an ill hour. "A mhic," she said, "My son, would you help an old woman to such a number?" Lord Edward offered his arm. She did not take it. Together they went down the street. Lord Edward was very watchful, being in such a street, and he noticed that the woman kept her hand from him. "Give me your hand," said he. But still she kept her hand away. Then he snatched

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her hand. It was the hand of a young girl. "Who are you?" said he. The girl ran from him, and let herself into a house. "Tomorrow I'm going to Paris with my aunt," she said.

The next day Lord Edward went to Paris. When he woke up in the hotel he asked what sport there was in town. He was told there would be a great ball that night in the royal palace. Lord Edward went to the ball, and the first one he saw among the dancers was the girl who had disguised herself. The moment she saw him she asked a lady to take her place in the dance, and she came over to him. It was not one hand she gave him this time. She gave him her two hands.

He used to be out at night drilling the people with Wolfe Tone. She never said, "Edward, where were you last night?" though she knew that it would turn out bad work for him. His mother used to be very fond of her. She was so fond of her that she used to take the young woman to sleep on her lap. But after the death of Lord Edward the mother turned altogether against the young wife. She was very lonesome then. She had three children. She left Ireland, bringing the children with her, and no one had any account of them ever afterward.

Twilight filled the great demesne as I left the house. The long road back to Dublin was empty, and I could imagine the men who had become figures in folk-lore riding abroad—Lord Edward riding toward the Curragh, wearing that green cravat that aroused the ire of the British officers, Earl Gerald riding his horse with its silver shoes, and that little, strange-looking man whose portrait I had looked on, and who was known as the Fairy Earl. He would be riding a swifter horse than the others. Or riding like one whose spirit was changing within him, that Gerald who was Baron of Offaly, and son of the eleventh earl, and who, turning from gambling and swearing, wrote a Song of Repentance of which this is a verse:

> There is no wight that used it more
> Than he that wrote this verse;
> Who crieth Peccavi, now therefore
> His oaths his heart doth pierce.
> Therefore example take by me,
> That curse the luckless time
> That ever dice mine eyes did see,
> Which bred in me this crime.
> Pardon me for that is past,
> I will offend no more,
> In this most vile and sinful cast
> Which I will still abhor.

One may not write about the Fitzgeralds without drawing into the story another great Norman-Irish family, the Butlers, Earls of Ormond. They built their castle upon the river Nore, and the city of Kilkenny grew and spread under them. The original castle has been dismantled and its stones have been used to build a modern mansion; an ancient tower has been made part of the modern structure. I enter the grounds through a gate in a street in Kilkenny. A park with fine trees—the sort of a park one expects to see deer moving through—stretches away, and just where I have come in, on the grass, like moving snowflakes, is a flock of pigeons: they are pure white fantails, the daintiest pigeons I have ever seen. The house is compact; one does not feel that a family would be lost in it.

The Ormond family intervened conspicuously, but not at all creditably, in Irish and English affairs at the end of the seventeenth century. The pictures in the gallery here are a real revelation of seventeenth-century character. Here is Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I: there is something about the portrait that makes us feel that this is a monarch—an anointed king, but where we look at the other royalties we know that Charles I was the last of the monarchs. Here is Charles II in Sir Peter Leyley's portrait looking as cadaverous as a man who had been dug up after burial, and James II, by the same court painter, looking as if he never had a vivid moment in his life, and there are their successors visibly passing from a decadent nobility into middle-class commonplaceness. And there is the Duke of Ormond who gave Dublin to the English Parliamentarian forces, and who afterward tried to get it back for the Royalists and got beaten: he is in armor, and magnificently bewigged, and holds a commander's baton in his hand. What swathed-up individuals these seventeenth-century notables were!

They did not produce vivid personalities as the Fitzgeralds so often did, but the Butlers have been able to identify a city with their house and their house with a city. One cannot go through Kilkenny without remembering the Ormond Earls and Dukes. Kilkenny remains the most distinctive of Irish cities. It is a European mediaeval town become an Irish market town. Here and there in its streets one comes on fine houses with coats of arms carved outside with their mottoes in French. It is a city for an etcher to work in—over and over again I come upon little scenes that are for the art of the etcher. Here, for instance, is an ancient round tower, tall and slender, with the squat turret of the cathedral behind it, steps going up to both, and beside the steps a house with an opening that shows the fire of a blacksmith's forge.

The cathedral is Saint Canice's. Inside the walls are of bare grey stone. They brighten and darken with the changes of light through the window above the altar, as the clouds come and pass every few minutes. Armored Ormonds, their swords carved across their effigies, are here. It seems to me that they have become the very emblems of mortality. For their effigies are in black marble, and the rings on their sculptored armor, worn down, make a skeleton-like effect—an effect which is all in blackness. The fingers are disjointed; the noses are broken off. One earl has his feet resting on a strange little beast. It is an otter. The bite of this beast brought about his death. This is the ninth Earl of Ormond, James Butler.

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THE WORLD GETS AN EARFUL

By MAURICE L. AHERN

The talkie is an invention from which virtually no modern can escape. What shall we think of them or their influence? Mr. Ahern writes as a man who knows the motion-picture industry and likes it. To critics like Signor Pirandello he speaks in realistic language, basing his case upon the needs and preferences of the world at large. The paper also reviews the international position of the talkie, and shows what kind of influence it is bringing to the United States. It is, of course, needless to add that Mr. Ahern speaks for himself and not for The Commonweal.—The Editors.

OVER three years ago the amazing talkies, Topsy-like, sprang full-grown from the Hollywood tree making strange hopeful noises. They have multiplied like mosquitoes and, simile modo, it seems impossible to get beyond the sphere of their influence.

Of course we are not entirely defenseless. We *can* talk back. That is our inalienable right and custom enabling us with a sneer in our hearts to fling at this newest scourge such devastating queries as, "How long do you think you'll last?" "Are you serious or a toy?" and, most withering of all, "Why are you here?" Under such a verbal barrage the talkies have stood their ground remarkably well as long as the questions referred only to domestic problems, but when the cross-examination turned, as is the post-war habit, to foreign affairs, Old General Public felt that he had the talkies just a little bit groggy.

He asks: "How will American picture markets overseas be affected by the coming of sound?" Let us unwind the answer of the talkies, reel by reel.

The market for American motion pictures abroad is tremendously important. Possibly 40 percent of the total gross yearly business of the larger companies is derived from other countries. It is the income that pays the dividends, but for the purpose of analyzing the talking-picture situation, it must be divided into two very distinct parts. One is England, Australia and New Zealand, where our own language is spoken. On the other side, the remaining nations of the world fling forth their challenge in every tongue bequeathed by the sons of Adam.

The American talkies have, so far, fared extremely well in England and Australasia, and the value of this achievement is best gauged by the knowledge that these territories account for by far the greater proportion of the gross foreign revenue and an even higher amount of the net due to low operating costs. They present no real dialect complications, though, to be sure, an organization has been formed in London to protect the Oxonian purity of British speech from threatened defilements by "Americanese," as exemplified in our talking pictures. The matter has even been brought up in the august halls of Parliament, but so far the momentous resolutions have been allowed to slumber peacefully on the table.

In addition to these huge advantages of similarity of language and size of yearly business, these countries also have an overwhelming lead over the rest of the field in the matter of installing sound apparatus in theatres; which means that they are in a better position than any competitor nations to profit from the known fact that sound pictures, based on the experience of more than three years, bring in a box-office revenue 30 to 40 percent greater than silent ones ever did.

The Jazz Singer had the Scots going to see it twice in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which no one will deny is some kind of world's record. In Old Arizona, The Broadway Melody, Behind That Curtain, Rio Rita, The Trespasser, The Black Watch, and Movietone Follies stopped traffic in Piccadilly for weeks at a time; and if anyone doubts that it is an achievement for any strictly American product to get such a rise out of the jolly old British public, then he has a lot to learn about the psychology of our cousins in the tight little isle.

From their operations in England and Australasia, American motion-picture companies are unquestionably obtaining much more revenue than they ever received before, and are keeping that business fully in proportion to the advances in the United States and Canada which recent financial reports show to be truly phenomenal. This planet of ours, however, contains a suprising number of other cinema-loving nations, and it should not be considered as tweaking the tail of the British lion or pulling out the tail-feathers of the American eagle to say that these others do not understand and are not particularly interested in learning the English language. The Argentines, the Portuguese, the Armenians and the Greeks et al, are extremely odd that way. They still have a quaint preference for the language they can use best, to wit, their own.

What to do with these recalcitrants? Obviously the simplest solution would be to make talkies in the respective vernaculars. It sounds simple when you say it quick, but actually it would be extremely difficult, almost prohibitively costly and not at all feasible from a business standpoint. The single possible exception is Spanish. This territory includes Spain, the Philippines, Cuba, Mexico, all of Central America, the Argentine, Chile and all of South America except Brazil, and even there Spanish would be far preferable to any other language if the coffee planters could not have their Portuguese. All other countries rank far behind the English and the Spanish from a commercially cinematic standpoint. In fact Mr. George Canty, American trade commissioner, who has made a special study of motion-picture conditions and markets abroad says that only Spanish, French and German would be at all practical

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as mediums for dialogue pictures; and of these three, Spanish is the only one that is universal enough to be of any immediate import.

It seems quite possible that some dialogue pictures will soon be made in Spanish, but in the interim various subterfuges must be resorted to so that English dialogue may be at least partially understandable to alien minds. One American company has announced that it will provide prologues and interpolatory titles in the language of each country in which its pictures are shown. These will be integral parts of the prints, and a staff of masters of ceremonies is already at work. Other companies are content merely to insert explanatory written titles from time to time in the English prints, or to provide the foreign audiences with synopses of the picture similar to opera librettos.

Makeshift expedients? Certainly. But the results have been amazing. The Movietone Follies ran for more than thirteen weeks in Stockholm. The Jazz Singer is in its eleventh month on the boulevards of Paris. The Broadway Melody was the sensation of Buenos Aires. On with the Show is the talk of Berlin. It will be noted that these are all revues, and this type enjoys a special favor because music is the universal language, understood as readily in the jungles of the Congo as in the salons of Paris. Perhaps for that reason such pictures are not a true test, and while American producers derive some measure of satisfaction from their success they anticipate plenty of headaches before dialogue pictures become anything like as popular abroad—if they ever do.

Foreign producers are exultant over the dialogue situation. The coming of sound was like manna in the desert to them. It provided an opportunity to start from scratch in a new race with the envied Americans who had already won the silent-picture contest by a mile. American producers are going to hear a lot from them yet, and the hearing won't do their exchequers any good. For example, Il Duce Mussolini has issued a decree that no sound pictures employing anything but Italian, either in dialogue or song, may be shown in Italy. There will be more cases aiming toward the same end; plenty of them.

It goes without saying that the profits from sound pictures depend upon the mechanical facilities for exhibiting them. Theatres must be properly equipped. The installing of sound-reproducing apparatus abroad is careening along at a geometrically progressive pace. Excluding the United States and Canada, there are throughout the world some 25,000 motion-picture theatres. Not more than 60 percent of these would be worth wiring and, conservatively, 10 to 15 percent are already wired or contracted. One of the largest American electrical companies at the date of this writing had completed installations or had orders on its books aggregating more than seven hundred in over thirty countries. There are many more companies in the field, and to add to the confusion there are systems invented and perfected in Germany, France, England and other countries which are, for the time being at least, largely because they are cheap, real commercial rivals of the American products.

This permits the best and largest of the foreign theatres to play sound pictures, but many thousands remain in a less fortunate position. In some countries exhibitors simply have not the money to pay for the present expensive sound installations (depending upon size, prices range from $2,500 to $25,000). In others, because of their racial characteristics, the people are naturally slow to adopt anything new. Consequently the whole foreign market, for an indeterminate period, will be neither fish nor fowl. It must have sound pictures yet it cannot get along without silent ones.

It seemed for a time that the American producers, in their craze for sound, were going to ignore entirely this dual aspect of the market overseas. Several months ago the heads of some of the largest companies announced that in future they would make only sound pictures. It now seems that this portentous message to the press really meant nothing so cataclysmic as the plain words indicated. It has recently been explained that the actual intent was that, instead of silent production being the primary work of the studios, sound would reign as king. Future pictures would be made first in dialogue form and, if feasible and necessary, silent versions of them would follow.

American producers are pretty shrewd. Although they may have seemed for a while to be neglecting it, they realize too keenly its tremendous importance ever to let the foreign market get away from them. They are going after it tooth and nail. They are making sound pictures and they are making silent pictures, and they will make foreign-language pictures just as soon as overwhelming demand and competition from foreign producers force them to follow suit.

At this early stage of the game, our producers have not suffered from problems arising abroad out of the transition from silence to sound. Thanks to the existence of England and Australasia, and the enormous popularity of song-and-dance pictures in non-English-speaking countries, the revenues of the American companies from the foreign market are considerably greater than they ever were before, even with only a small percentage of the theatres of the world wired for sound. As sound installations multiply so will our revenue, until it is safe to say that, in the not far distant future it will be further ahead than our fondest dreams had ever pictured it. Sound has been more of a blessing to Hollywood than a threat.

So much for the facts. But who can dodge the lances of the prophets? Comes Signor Pirandello with the pronouncement that the foreign markets of the motion picture are doomed by dialogue. To him the future of the sound picture abroad lies in the interpretation of great music. If any human being is successful in making such a picture, how many other human beings will go to see and hear it and, what is much more to the point, pay for the privilege? It is strongly to be doubted

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if even the Signor's musical countrymen could rise to such sublime heights. He states further that sound pictures are unreal and will never displace the stage. Twice he is right and twice does he beg the question, for not even a nitwit would claim more than a semblance of reality for them, and certainly producers are too busy making them in response to popular demand to waste valuable moments in dire and unprofitable plotting against the drama.

Signor Pirandello and his confrères in the critical realm look at the subject only through the narrow lens of the ultra-sophisticated cosmopolite. They think they are dissecting an organism while in reality they are but poking at a molecule. The most that its most enthusiastic partizans ever could claim for the talking picture is that it is a very acceptable substitute for the spoken drama of the stage, a substitute not bound by the limitations which the stage imposes on the unities of time and place and action.

Signor, the world begins only when our train passes the city limits of New York, Paris, London, Berlin and the other capitals of the world. If you will just keep riding for days at a time, and at an expense that puts such trips far beyond the reach of most men, you will finally begin to meet people who probably never will be able to see a show on Broadway or the boulevards or in Piccadilly, but who have read about Will Rogers or John McCormack or Al Jolson or Raquel Meller or Gertrude Lawrence and all the other inspired ones who make the world so nice. Where can these ordinary and multitudinous citizens see and hear their favorites? In the talkies.

They may be substitutes for reality, but nine-tenths of the people of this world live their whole lives in dreams whose fires are fed only by substitutes. But all those yearning millions know what entertains them, just as they know that they must eat and sleep. They take no notice of toy balloons set drifting by intelligentsia far above the common earth where men and women love and laugh.

THE MASS IN MADRID

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE cathedral is eighteenth-century baroque in gold and white. It used to be a convent church and the balconies are shielded with screens. There are rose-colored tapestries hung on the walls. The church is filling up. People carry little chairs as far front as they can get. Soon there are no chairs left. It is better so, for you can get more people into a church standing than seated. People stand all along the sides on the steps of the side chapels. They fill the side chapels. They will not be able to see from there, but they will be able to hear. At the rear of the church there is a pulpit for use probably when Mass is said in the main side chapel. Into it have climbed three priests. They kneel there crowded into it with only their heads showing above the edge of the pulpit. They look like puppets in an eighteenth-century theatre. They will be able to see and hear. An aisle has been formed with two rows of benches end on end from the altar to the doors. On these benches sit priests and laymen facing each other.

There is a jangle of harsh bells. The main door is opened. A bishop enters the church, kneels for a moment before the Blessed Sacrament in a side chapel, and walks up the aisle. The men on the benches half kneel—they have no room to kneel—and one out of five manages to kiss his ring. He takes his seat in the chancel. The bells clash again, and the dean of the cathedral chapter hurries down the aisle to greet the arrival of another bishop. They come in two and three at a time now. They come in until before the altar are seated thirty-five bishops and archbishops from every part of Spain. The bells ring continuously. The great doors open and shut and you hear the crowded street outside. Now three cardinals advance up the church blessing to right and left. Behind each one a priest carries the scarlet hat with its gold tassel. The crowd presses harder toward the aisle. You hear cheering outside. Cardinal Segura, archbishop of Toledo, primate of Spain, enters the church, kneels before the Blessed Sacrament, advances up the aisle. He advances slowly, recognizing faces, stopping to recognize with a swift intimacy a very humble old priest. There is a pause. Then at the doors you see a tall figure cloaked in an ermine mantle. The papal envoy from the threshold slowly blesses the church, prays before the Blessed Sacrament, advances to the altar, bows deeply, turns, bows to the cardinals, turns again to bow to the bishops and takes his seat. A Pontifical High Mass begins. It is the inauguration of the First Spanish Congress of Catholic Action.

Outside the cathedral is Madrid. Outside Madrid for mile after mile there is nothing at all. Bare wind-swept pasture land. Great roads like military roads cross the high plateau to connect Madrid, the capital established by will in a desert, with the strong Basque provinces, with industrial Barcelona, with the great towns of the South. You turn almost any street corner in Madrid and you look off onto a desert with high clouds above it driven by the eternal winter wind. In Spain man is in scale with nature. He is almost nothing. In Spain man is in scale with God. He is almost everything. By God's help man has built his fortress cities, man has created a country and held on to it, man has hurled his adventurous strength across an ocean and discovered a new world. The new world had gold in it and Spain half—but only half—forgot her

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message which was the message of God. She took the gold and the prize was of this world and it passed. But her reward for Catholic Latin America is not of this world and it will not pass.

In the cathedral the officiating bishop stands to hear the Gospel read. Spain has always been faithful to that Gospel—humanly, with lapses—yet with a fidelity greater than that in any other country save Ireland. Spain has always been a Catholic country. The attack on the church has always failed. Spain even managed to pass through the devastating eighteenth century. Goya in his drawings showed how she was hard pressed; his revolt in a way was sufficient substitute for a revolution. Ever since George Borrow the attack against the Church had neglected Spain. It was admitted that Spain was a country of ignorance and "superstition." Spain could afford to be called ignorant if the ignorance of her detractors left her alone. It was a country asleep if not dead, or rather asleep materially—until the foreign capitalists came along to help—and dead spiritually. Spain was being punished for the absurd temerity of keeping her land free from Africa and, above all, for the great crime of keeping unity in that land once it was hers to hold. For the enemies of the Church she was Catholic and hopeless. Standing in the cathedral listening to the Gospel, it was impossible not to admit that Spain was a Catholic country. Surrounded by 6,000 delegates from every province of Spain, it was impossible not to see that Spain's Catholicism was active.

This was for casual modern thinking a paradox. Habitually one considered the Church to be active where it was in a minority, to be intensely active where there was intense danger, and to create new means of action where there were new difficulties to be met. In the past, persecution had been met by martyrs. The actual modern indifference and materialism had been met by prayer and by explicit definition of implicit doctrine. This providential quickening of faith and fidelity where there was the gravest danger of both being lost has been always one of the most evident of the many signs of the Church's divine origin and mission. That it existed was admitted by the worst enemies of the Church. But they were left with a hope and an affirmation. They hoped and they said that where there was no danger, the Church relaxed its hold and the spirit died. They said that the Faith was not lost by those placed at the most dangerous points in the defenses, but by those within the safety of the city walls. They said that in the most Catholic countries the Faith sickened and died almost without the world's being aware of its death. The theory had been applied to the France of before the Revolution. Yet after the Revolution came the Curé of Ars, and Saint Thérèse. The theory had been applied again and again to Italy, and its absurdity is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that the world's attention is centered on the living Faith in Rome. In fact the only drawback to the theory was that it had been applied to every Catholic country in Europe, and that in Europe the Faith of the Apostles is not dead.

In the cathedral takes place the ceremony of the kiss of peace. The officiating bishop gives the ancient formal message of union and peace to the priest at his right. The priest comes down the steps and transmits it to the cardinal. It passes from prelate to prelate down the Hierarchy even to the altar boys. In Madrid today I saw that the Faith was alive. The priest coming down from the altar smiled as he placed his arms on the cardinal's shoulders. The message of superhuman charity and joy was joyous. These men of Spain the pasture land, of the wind-swept hills and the lonely distances, received this message from Rome and from God as the early Christians must have received their travel-stained bishops—with delighted confidence.

The presence in Madrid of these 6,000 delegates from all Spain showed that the Faith in Spain was alive. There was a Catholic Spain, but though it was so traditionally, its effort was new. This had seemed a paradox but it was not a paradox. For there was a danger to be met; it was new and urgent; only it did not come from without; it was within. The new plan of Catholic action was to meet that internal danger. It was a new plan mainly because the modern industrial system had reached Spain and because this system everywhere implies discontent and organized effort to secure better conditions. And everywhere this perfectly legitimate effort brings with it theoretical and doctrinal materialism. The Catholic plan brought out by these conditions was new because it recognized the necessity for organized labor in industry and agriculture: it was old because it insisted that these organizations remain conscious of the soul and its destiny. It was new because it organized Catholic labor: it was old because it maintained the supreme authority of the Church. The plan was new because of the new conditions, but it was, nevertheless, the immutable Catholic plan for the saving of men's souls.

Clouds pass and uncover the sun. The sunlight comes through the windows at the base of the dome. It changes the light on the rose-colored vestments, heightens the scarlet of the cardinal's cape, and blending with the light of the candelabra, unites the church with the world outside. So that when the mitred bishop standing at the altar gives the final blessing, it is given out of doors to the world.

Song

Even as the wind comes scented from the sea,
  Even as the bee comes scented from the flower,
So do I come, love, so I come from thee,
  Wild with thy beauty, wild with thy power.

Even as the wind goes scented to thy hair,
  Even as the bee goes scented to thy door,
So do I, love, unto thee and bear
  Love that is fragrant now and evermore.

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER.

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ONE ENGLISH MARTYR

By GEORGE CARVER

FAME, in perpetuating the name of Blessed John Fisher, has emphasized the fact of his death above everything else, stressing him in terms of what he suffered rather than of what he was. History pictures him as having been a victim of the machinations of Henry VIII; we must learn from his writings directly that he embodied an ideal of the ages. In fact, one account of him, that of Hartley Coleridge, ventures that outside the annals of the Church he would have remained inconsiderable had he not been martyred to the lusts of his king, the while it makes no mention of his having contributed to the culture of the race.

Nevertheless, although there is a fame which is based upon the sensational, there is another which is grounded on human sweetness combined with human strength. This last most fittingly enshrines the holy martyr.

Everybody knows the high points in his career: that he was the confessor to Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby and mother of Henry VII; chancelor of the University of Cambridge; the staunch supporter of Queen Catharine; and unwilling, no matter what the consequences, to acknowledge Henry as head of the Church; that he was tried and convicted of "misprision of treason"; elevated to the cardinalate; executed by beheading; and ultimately beatified. And likewise, everybody knows the anecdotes that accumulated about his last days in the Tower; his reply to the prison cook, for instance, who had not prepared his dinner on the day before that set for the execution because he had heard a rumor that the Cardinal was already dead: "Well, for all that report thou seest me yet alive, and therefore whatever news thou shalt hear of me hereafter, let me no longer lack my dinner, but make it ready as thou wert wont to do, and if thou seest me dead when thou comest, then eat it thyself"; or the story of his conduct upon the morning of his execution. "Well, if this be your errand," he said to the Lieutenant of the Tower who, coming with the message that he was to be beheaded that morning, found him asleep, "you bring me no great news, for I have long looked for this message; and I most humbly thank the King's Majesty that it pleaseth him to rid me of all this earthly business, and I thank you for your tidings. But I pray you, Master Lieutenant, when is my hour that I must go forth?"

"Your hour," replied the Lieutenant, "must be nine of the clock."

"And what hour is it now?"

"It is now but five."

"Then let me, by your patience, sleep yet an hour or two."

These matters, as I have said, are familiar to everybody. Tradition has dwelt upon them from the beginning. If, however, one looks for some record other than of the obvious, his search is but niggardly rewarded. Hartley Coleridge's remark, if it was based upon no more than the slender accounts available in history, is excusable; if it was based upon a careful examination of the Cardinal's contribution to race experience, then it falls something short of justice.

Cardinal Fisher lived between the years 1459 and 1535, in the midst of the renaissance; yet one thinks of him as a summation of what was most admirable in the age preceding rather than as representative of his own troublous era. It is doubtless true that he possessed the finest private library in England, and at a time when to collect books was to be numbered among the worldly elect. It is likewise true that he championed the new learning, encouraging the study of Greek to such effect that Erasmus, liberal cosmopolite that he was, and as such completely at odds, one would think, with Fisher, referred to him most flatteringly in a number of his Epistles. Furthermore, because of his interest in purely intellectual matters, he found himself eagerly sought after by distinguished scholars from all over Europe. And yet one would hesitate to include him among personages who are thought typical of the renaissance.

Most of these he seems to resemble only in contemporaneity, differing from them in almost every other particular. Pico della Mirandola, to recall a familiar name, we usually consider to have been an ideal renaissance spirit. He enjoyed all the advantages of a flexible mind and resilient body, together with those of wealth and social grace. He read Plato in Greek and Moses in Hebrew, and he was looked upon by the young men of Florence as a pattern. So thoroughly, however, was he imbued with the restlessness of his age that in spite of the significance of his having been buried in the conventual church of Saint Mark, in the habit of the Dominican order, he spent the greater part of his life in an effort to reconcile Christianity with classical paganism. And Leonardo da Vinci, supreme artist though he was, and eminent in science as his own day distinguished him—Leonardo allowed himself so far to be swayed by the currents of contradictory report that he would have died without the pale had not his apprentice, Francesco, been at hand. Besides, one thinks of Luther, upon whose head must forever rest responsibility for the woe which his dissension scattered broadcast through the world; and yet had not the spirit of the age, permeated as it was with the impulse of change merely for its own sake, impelled him to confound discipline with faith, he might have lived out his days as a humble theologian and so spared us many blotted pages of religious

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history. These three, then, can be selected from the catalogue of hundreds equally affected by the turmoil of renaissance Europe; with not one of them is John Fisher to be confused.

Best to understand him, perhaps, one must revert to the ideals of an elder age, an age which, although most of its particular characteristics have vanished, still obtains among us because its general manifestations were the roots from which sprouted the welfare of succeeding generations. History has long since given over the idea that the middle-ages were "dark ages." In fact, for a time it would seem almost as if, in the minds of men like Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, for instance, they marked another "golden age." The truth probably lies somewhere between; and we can best be assured that while they were neither "dark" nor "golden," they were, at all events, lighted by a faith toward the upper reaches of sanctity seldom attained either before or since. They were, as everyone is well aware, times of war, of pestilence and of overwhelming terror; nevertheless, to cope with adversity there arose a discipline capable at first as protection but finally a veritable staff for the guidance of tottering humanity.

And the force of no age has ever quite been spent. Each fulfils its destiny, giving place to a newer. But each contributes its spark of vitality, which, cherished by the few capable of perceiving its worth, is handed on from age to age, unquenchable. Thus while, as we have said, the middle-ages succumbed in particular, they survive in essence. And this essence has come down to us; we see it all about us at work shaping our thought and directing our behavior. How evident such influence is we have but to check our current conceptions in various departments to realize. How far, for instance, are we away from the conception that in society all men are equal in the sight of God; in philosophy, that there is a vast difference between appearance and substance; in science, that phenomena are but the expressions of supernatural power; in art, that beauty is the manifestation of truth, purity and aspiration; in literature, that the language of the people is the proper medium for communicating exact thought and just feeling; in education, that the aim of all training is to fit one to worship God and to serve his fellow-men rather than, primarily, to make a living; and in religion, that matters of the spirit take precedence over purely worldly affairs? The answer goes without saying.

These, then, are a portion of our heritage from the middle-ages, passed on to us through generations of men because a rare spirit now and then arose to whom they were of paramount importance. And among such spirits is to be numbered Blessed John Fisher who, living at a time when the very foundations of society were giving way, held fast to that which was good. It is for this that he should be remembered, not merely because he was beheaded at the order of his king.

And it is this that is plainly evident if one but examine his writings, writings which in his own day were enormously influential and which since have been added to the canon of English prose. Regarding society, for instance, he has this to say in his sermon on Psalm CII, which was printed by Winken de Word in 1509:

> The leest crysten persone, the poorest & moost lowe in degree is nygh in kyndrede to almyghty god. . . .

Concerning science, we find this passage in the pages of the same sermon:

> The generacions of men shold not longe lyue yf they were not nourisshed with the fode & fruyte that groweth vpon the erth, also they coude not be brought forth but of the erth. It selfe erth sholde alway be bareyne & without fruyte yf it receyued no moysture & hete from heuen. The inferyour orbes in the heuens be ledde aboute in theyr course by the fyrst orbe. And last the fyrst orbe hath all his vertue and strength of almyghty god, encreaser of all thynges.

Further on in the sermon upon Psalm CII one comes to this passage, in definition of the essentials of beauty:

> Our blyssed lorde made fayre the erth with herbes, trees, and with beestes, the water with fysshes, the ayre with byrdes, and the heuenes with sterres. In all these is grete pleasure & fayrenes for our bodyly eyen to beholde.

Moreover, his comment upon education—and one must remember that he was chosen chancelor of the University of Cambridge as well for his secular learning as for the zeal he bore for religion—is to be found in the sermon which he delivered at the funeral of Henry VII:

> A my lordes and maysters that have worldly wisdome, what haue ye of all this besyne at the last but a lytell vanyte?

It is palpably unnecessary to illustrate from his writings either his religious belief or the tenets of his philosophy; these are plainly discerned throughout his works, and are, naturally, of the strictest orthodoxy. And no more than a passing reference is needed to indicate how thoroughly he believed that the language of the common man is the finest literary medium: one has but to pick up his A Spiritual Consolation to discover with what telling effect he was able to practise his theory. In fine, passages like these seem to indicate that while Cardinal Fisher was physically of the renaissance, spiritually he was an age behind it and some four centuries ahead of it.

And this last sums up the burden of my remarks. Historically he means for most of us an antagonist of Henry VIII, one who suffered death in an heroic manner. The Church has numbered him among the blessed. But let us remember him, in addition, as one who not only was a protagonist of truth but who formed a link in the chain of civilization, a personality who sums up as "the embodiment of the old fancy, and the symbol of the modern idea."

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NORTH OF SUPERIOR

By VINCENT ENGELS

IN MY hearing lately someone mentioned Port Arthur, hesitantly as though pronouncing a name which really exists for Rand-McNally alone, and I felt ill at ease. For I know it well, that curious haven on the north shore of Lake Superior, and most deeply respect it. One road leads out of it—westward to Duluth; east there are only the granite hills and the marshes; back of it is a forest unbroken to the Arctic, and at its front door is the Big Sea Water shining. In this world it is one of the most satisfying of cities, and if it is ambitiously preparing for an industrial future with its elevators and warehouses, there is strong medicine yet in its background of hills, timber and running water, and its foreground of capes and islands reaching out as though to clutch the sea.

Look out across the bay to where Thunder Cape rises at the rim of the world like some fabulous mirage. There is no quality of reality about it: it is far off, yet plainly seen, and it floats like a colored cloud upon the water. A mass of pale green, with handsome red patches where the granite ledges have refused sustenance to a tree, it is surrounded by a haze, like that soft atmosphere through which one looks at figures in a dream, or scenes called up from the past.

No wonder it became the spiritual harbor of that Very Strange Man, the tall, lean, darkly-garmented One whom I used to see every fair afternoon and evening, at the municipal bowling green. If I passed by at four or at seven I could see him there, leaning against the railing which kept spectators from falling off the walk upon the men below. So far as I know he never played. I could not admire, but rather feared, his patience, appreciating but slightly the fascination which the game had for him. True, as a picture it fitted in so well with the general spirit of the landscape that it seemed at once too perfect and too slight for life; a work of art not of accident; an imagining, merely; and one was half prepared to see turf and players vanish upon the moment. But the game would go on in an even rhythm, the bowlers oblivious of spectators and merry among themselves as men in a picture, or a legend, should be. Darkness brought no cessation; flood lights were turned on, and the bowling would continue into the night, so that one who turned to his couch at ten would be spared the disillusionment of seeing it break up. But I am sure my friend sought that disillusion; I am sure it was his only occupation.

One foggy morning I met him near the aqueduct, an elevated tube some five or six feet in diameter, made of wood, bound with iron hoops, which drags its slow length along the banks of the Current River. It is in bad state of repair. From all sides and from every rib spring jets of spray, making it the most delightful fountain in the world. Now The Very Strange Man was regarding it intently. Did he mean to fix in his mind every detail of its appearance in this fog, or, by facing it, to fight down and conquer some remembrance from another morning when he had seen it thus?

He seemed happy that I had joined him. We left the path and strolled through the grass not too intimately near the tube. He said, "Don't you wish they would repair it?" And I, too quickly, hoped not.

"Well, I do. It is too much like a mythological monster, a beastly demon. What would happen if all our cities should vanish suddenly, Port Arthur with them, and only this be left? Wouldn't it be a terror in the wilderness? The first far-wandering Ojibway who happened here—what a fright he'd get! He'd race back to his village. A legend would grow up. Children would be frightened by it. Hunting parties would detour around the spot. And two centuries from now when this country was being reëxplored by the Japanese or the Arabs, some traveler hearing of the legend would investigate and find nothing. Not a nail. Not a hoop. Or perhaps I should say not a tooth or a bone."

When next I saw him at the bowling green I knew that he had given away his secret. At least I understood why he did not spend his time at the grain elevators, on the wharves, or about some proper business. It was because there is some evidence of reality in a bowling green which is not in a grain elevator or a derrick, because wherever men play at a game which is merry and graceful and decently grounded in antiquity there is a sign of reassurance for such as lose their bearings occasionally, and know not whether they live in the past or the future, heaven, hell, or the midst of savagery.

COMMUNICATIONS

MINORITIES IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Your correspondent, Stephen J. Palickar, who has been writing to some of the American and Slovak newspapers on the question of the Slovak problem within the Czecho-Slovak republic, and has now brought up the question in your periodical, must not be offended if I venture to make a few remarks touching the matter which he deals with in his latest correspondence.

1. What does he mean by "the Czecho-Slovak nation"? I am sure that he does not mean that the Slovaks and the Czechs are one nation. It is true that Professor Masaryk, when he held the chair of Slav history at the University of London, did teach something of the kind but that is not historical. It is a historical fact that the Slovaks and the Slovenes of Jugoslavia were united and formed one nation up to the time of the Hungarian invasion. As there is no Russo-Poland nation because the Poles are not Russians and the Russians are not Poles, so there is no such monstrosity as a Czecho-Slovak nation. Historically the Czechs and the Slovaks were never united. Seton Watson, the greatest friend the Czechs have, confesses that at the time of the revolt against Rome, the non-Catholic Slovaks took over the Bible from the Czechs and conducted their religious services in that language. More than this he does not claim.

2. I am more than surprised to learn that Dr. Tuka is in prison because he was an autonomist. That is news. The Jednota seems to hint that there was another reason. The Jednota quotes a certain Slovak Evangelist Lutheran preacher, Razus by name, who claims that Dr. Tuka was not a Hungarian spy, was no traitor, but had become involved in some Catholic action. (Jednota, January 1, 1930.) And Monsignor Hlinka's Slovak informs its readers that Dr. Ludevit Bazovsky, a member of the Slovak Evangelist Synod, was excommunicated by that Synod for daring to come to Dr. Tuka's defense. The reason why Dr. Tuka is in prison is because he is an outstanding Catholic and will not be corrupted. (Slovak, December 8, 1929.)

3. Mr. Palickar has a fondness for the word "melodrama." I have noticed that he frequently makes use of it. The Pittsburgh Agreement is a farce. The Czechs do not recognize it. The vast majority of the Slovaks know nothing of it. The American Slovaks do not care what happens abroad and the

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European Slovaks are interested more in the Slovak Free State movement than in autonomy. And what is more, even Mr. Husek confesses that the "myslienka samostatneho Slovenska" (thought of free Slovakia) pleases him much and Mr. Husek is one of the signers of the Pittsburgh Agreement. (Redaktorovi Samostatnosti, Jednota, January 1, 1930.)

During the trial of Dr. Tuka this summer, Ivanko—the government's leading witness—stupidly confessed that, if the Slovaks were granted autonomy, they would immediately declare their independence, and this is a good description of the situation in that republic.

JOSEPH A. SKODA-SCRIBNER.

THE EXPERTS LOOK AT UNEMPLOYMENT

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor:—I do not see any reason for the plea of charity expressed by Dr. John A. Ryan in his second article on unemployment in the October 23 issue of The Commonweal. I endorse the ideas of the Irish statesman quoted by Dr. Ryan. What George Russell says is true. There has been for the past quarter-century, and there is today, a most perverse attempt on the part of the producers to expand the maw of the public to unlimited consumption. It is the result of the teachings of the man who put psychology into salesmanship. That it is a pagan ideal goes without saying. That it has been unmerciful in its application must be seen all around us. People bought to such an extent that they and their children are mortgaged for fifty years. And does it make for happiness or success?

Why do we Catholics defend the statements of the Committee on Recent Economic Changes? I think it is, in the words of the late Father Yorke, nothing more than catering to our enemies. If the Committee's Report is so far off the correct economic perspective, if it is nothing but a series of results rather than of causes, why does our eminent Catholic social expert try to smooth over that Committee's statements? The statements were made, were written, were put out for public consumption, and they must stand the test of honest criticism. They cannot do so because the whole theory of unemployment and of economic changes is based on the pagan-puritanical philosophy of life. I am not going to be charitable in the sense requested, as such charity ceases to be a virtue when doctrines are taught inimical to truth. I regret very much that the numerous "assumptions" for squaring away the Committee's Report seemed to be essential for Dr. Ryan's theory. It won't work.

The desupernaturalization of Christian precepts and the fitting of them into utilitarianism, is the concept underlying the Committee's Report. It is the life of the industrialists of the United States, and of all the states of the world. It is the individualistic theory as against the brotherhood. I can see no reason for feeling charitable to the teachers of such. And the result of this individualist *right* is the frugality of the strict puritan teaching of the eighteenth century, which "inculcated unremitting thrift . . . and discouraged every kind of self-indulgence and extravagance. . . . Thus grew up . . . men who spared neither themselves nor their employees. . . ." (Religion and Progress.)

What the Committee wants it is obvious. The "insatiable wants" is the lowest form of production stimulant, and in a nation that calls itself Christian, is unbelievable. The Committee ought to know that the very principle on which the producer has been working is the thing that has led him to the condition in which he finds himself. Does it seem charitable to allow him now the encouragement to go to Ireland and to Germany and down into the southern states to produce cheaper, and thus defeat the better living conditions labor has, with awful price, brought to existence in this country?

M. D. ASHE,
Financial Secretary, Mission Council, Knights of Columbus.

THE NEW CATHOLIC BIBLE

Carthagena, O.

TO the Editor:—Your stressing the need of a new translation of the New Testament would find more favor if you were not pleading for a translation from the Greek. Such a translation is worthless.

1. Which Greek text is to be the basis? The Textus receptus (Continental? or English Polyglot? difference in about 70 places.) Or any of the new critical texts? Which? Westcott and Hort? Some critics have called it a "splendidum peccalun." Or von Soden's, of which it has been said: "Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus?" Or Nestle's, which is probably the best of non-Catholic texts but is not free from bias?

Or either of the two Catholic attempts: Brandsheid's? good though antiquated; Vogel's? very good, but who guarantees that it is always the original reading?

Or perhaps one of the Manuscript texts? Which? Vaticanus or Sinaiticus lack a number of passages (so-called! Western interpolations, but are they?) and differ rather widely from the Vulgate.

2. But granted we could get Catholics to agree to some text, say for instance, Vogel's, it would still not be the official text of the Church. The Missal and breviary are Vulgate. The Council of Trent prescribes for preaching and teaching the Vulgate. What will it help a preacher to have a translation of the Greek text, if he must preach on the Vulgate text and use it for arguments? And I can tell you the differences are by no means always slight.

3. Who would have use for a translation from the Greek? The scholar? He knows Greek enough to do his own translating and will not always bow to the translation of another. Who is to decide? Must we always invoke the Biblical Commission? No translation of the Greek will ever become popular, since the Vulgate is the official text.

4. It is even doubtful whether a new translation of the Vulgate will ever make its way to general adoption. Nor would it seem necessary. The Douay-Rheims, with alternate (better) readings in the margin would be sufficient. The difference from the Greek could be put under the text with the principal Manuscripts that have them. Maas's Saint Matthew is a model for this. f.i. V: ii—Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake.

"Word" is added after "evil" in C, E, K, M, S, U, VTAT g, syr (both) Or Const.

"Untruly" or "lying" is omitted in D 6 g^1 h k m Or Lisf Hel.

"On account of justice" is added in D 47 a b c g^1 k.

"Men" is added before "shall revile you" in dub lich c med rush wel steph cent.

"For my sake" is omitted in fuld.

May I ask which of the Greek translations should follow? Of course not all passages show so many variants and for ordinary readers part of the critical apparatus might be omitted.

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5. It is not so certain that where the Greek differs from the Vulgate it is in possession of the better readings. Quite frequently it has the better readings, as is well known to every critical student. Let us have a new Rheims Testament with some marginal corrections and the most important Greek variants and especially a good but short Commentary.

Rev. U. F. Mueller, C.P.P.S.,
Professor of Sacred Scripture,
Saint Charles's Seminary.

DIPLOMACY OLD AND NEW

Allston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—According to the constitution the President has sole power to negotiate treaties. His right to choose his own consultors is beyond question; not so his wisdom in the choice.

It may be that no law forbids two senators to act as subalterns of the chief executive, but what becomes of their right afterward to pass judgment on their own handiwork? Certain newspaper comments praise the choice as shrewdly calculated to remove obstruction in the Senate. The constitution grants to the Senate the power to obstruct any treaty which may be submitted by the President: the power even contains the duty, at times.

A government of balanced powers is threatened when its foundations are undermined upon the pretext that the end justifies the means, or under the bolder and much more dangerous assault of ridicule and question: "What's the constitution among friends?"

Not a little of the artifice of the "old diplomacy" is used in the new. A parlor caucus in London, an out-door meeting of "two men on a log"—the open air but the closed agreement. It is "not an alliance," merely a "coöperation," or, if you prefer, an "inclination," and so we get two additions to some half-dozen weasel words, betraying a purpose to conceal an idea—playing favorites.

The brotherhood of nations is a true concept of the various separate governments: a genuine universal outlook. To act up to that idea, what we grant to one must not be hurtful to another; what we are willing to concede to the most favored nation we must stand ready to concede to every other nation; when we incline to one we repulse another. It is the method of approaching peace, or parity, which is here discussed, not the declared purpose.

Much smaller navies than those contemplated by the London conference are attainable, but probably not by any movement having for its background—"peace by force."

Christopher I. Fitzgerald.

GAELIC LITERATURE SURVEYED

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The review of Aodh de Blácam's Gaelic Literature Surveyed, published in The Commonweal, gave the Talbot Press, Dublin, as the publisher. We would like your readers to know that the American edition was published by the Irish Book Shop, New York, N. Y.

Leo J. Fearon.

(Through a printer's error the price of The New Catholic Dictionary in an advertisement in The Commonweal of January 8 was listed incorrectly. The half-leather binding can be had for $15.00 and the buckram binding for $12.50.)

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Richelieu

IN SPITE of the sophisticated critics of the daily press, there is still ample vitality in Bulwer-Lytton's play of Richelieu, as retouched and slightly modernized by Arthur Goodrich. First of all, there is the vitality which derives from its central character, one of the most colorful churchmen of what may properly be called modern Europe. There is also the vitality of good, well-constructed melodrama, and, lastly, there is the vitality of romance unashamed.

There are, of course, many dramatic tricks used in the play which have become a trifle threadbare in these days of mass play production. It would be difficult indeed to find any good play of an older order which has not served to a palpable degree as the model for modern and inferior works. The original pattern thus becomes known to present theatre-goers through its many copies, and suffers in the same sense that a model dress from Paris may become commonplace after it has been freely copied by the wholesale dress establishments of New York. But that is no good reason for thinking the less of the original model. Walter Hampden has done a real service to honest theatre lovers in reviving the play, with modifications, and in giving it the full flavor of a rich staging and sincere acting.

Cardinal Richelieu is essentially a modern in the sense that he was one of the first great apostles of nationalism. Mr. Belloc has made this amply clear both in his life of Richelieu and in his studies of the Reformation. Modern Europe would not be what it is, were it not for the will and tenacity and intense nationalism of this amazing Cardinal. As we now view the results of his work, he probably did great harm to the cause of Christian unity, preferring to consolidate the power of France at the expense of Spain and the empire rather than to seek unity of Christendom by the coöperation of the empire.

On the other hand, he probably felt that France, once supreme on the continent, would be able to effect Christian unity as well as the empire itself. At all events, he made his goal national power and dominion, identified himself largely with his goal, and thus stands as a curious combination of egotism and unselfishness, of unlimited ambition and selfless devotion.

The Bulwer-Lytton play, although written before much of the modern historical research into Richelieu's life, actually preserves this portrait of the Cardinal with fidelity and understanding. It manages to do this without in any way interfering with the dramatic interest of the plot. The only serious historical distortion is the portrait of Friar Joseph, who is made to appear as a sort of Boswell and modern yes-man combined, whereas, in fact, he was a man of powerful intellect, one of Richelieu's most capable advisers, and a man who, by his independence and firmness of thought, saved the Cardinal from serious errors. As long as Walter Hampden undertook to have the play revised, it is rather too bad that he did not have the character of Friar Joseph raised to higher proportions, even at the sacrifice of some innocuous low comedy.

Of the many familiar characters, those best taken in the present version are the page, François, by Charles McCarthy, jr., Julie by Ingeborg Torrup and de Mauprat by Ernest Rowan. Mr. Rowan, in particular, shows a marked improvement over his work of other years with Mr. Hampden. He has achieved a degree of spontaneous freedom in place of his earlier rather forced theatrics. The dominating figure of the play is, of course, the aged Cardinal. Walter Hampden plays him with

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great dignity and considerable inner passion, relieved by a pervading ironic humor. He underscores perhaps a little too heavily, by gesture and expression, those lines in which the Cardinal speaks of his beloved France, robbing them of what should be their simple and downright sincerity. But that is the only flaw in a performance which ranks well up toward Mr. Hampden's best. (At Hampden's Theatre.)

At The Bottom

A "NEW American version" of Maxim Gorky's play on the inhabitants of night lodgings for the poor has just reached the American stage through the enterprise of Leo Bulgakov's troupe of coöperative players. It is a task of large proportions, executed in a large and sweeping fashion.

Not the least interesting part of the task was the new translation and adaptation by William L. Laurence. The wisdom of what he has done will probably be a matter of debate for some months to come—for he has deliberately applied American slang (and not all of it of the most recent vintage) to the background of the original text. His course of reasoning is quite clear. How can one make these characters universal if one confines their idiom to the day in which Gorky wrote and to the country he described? If one must choose between universality of place and universality of time, is it not better to bring the characters nearer to us through their familiar speech? Is not the spirit of these vagabonds more important than literal adherence to Russian idioms? And can one better express their spirit than by using a speech which we hear on the streets today, and associate definitely with Gorky's types?

Nevertheless, one is so accustomed to austerity in translation of similar works that colloquial slang gives at times a bizarre effect rather than the authenticity of mood intended by the translator. Mr. Laurence has erred, I think, more in the extent to which he has carried his theory than in the theory itself. He has overused the all-too-familiar profanity of the current stage and has frequently gone out of his way to select a colloquial rather than a general expression—often with the result of striking a weaker or more transient phrase than necessary. The experiment was a bold one, and well worth making, but to analyze its results completely, and demonstrate its shortcomings on other grounds than mere feeling, would require something akin to Mr. Menken's tome on the American language. The closest brief hint one can give of the trouble is to recall that American slang is closely knit to American humor —and that the mood of Gorky's writing is anything but akin to our native reactions. It is much as if, in the production of a mediaeval miracle play, one were to inject incidental music based on Negro spirituals.

At the Bottom—which is only one of many titles this play has enjoyed—catches, in amazing fashion, the vagabondage of the world. It takes, above all, those who have descended from higher estate, until, weary and broken, they accept the life of those dismal retreats where a night's lodging can be had for the fruit of a day's begging, sewing or pocket-picking. It might easily be a gloomy picture, were it not for the rich variety of characterization with which Gorky illuminates the scene. In it you have color aplenty, loud, rough humor, cold cynicism, pathos, simplicity, the splendor of futile dreams and—Luka.

Luka is a pilgrim. They call him Grandpa. He appears from nowhere in particular, remains a few weeks, and then goes on his way, leaving, in a rich last act, the impress of his thought upon everyone. He is not like the Servant in the House. There is no suggestion of divinity in Luka. Nor does he even succeed well in converting the lives of those whom he touches. He tries hard, with gentle humor and infinite patience. But human perversity is too strong for him. He is (if we permit him to personify anything) the spirit of men's beliefs and day-dreams —a spirit which often comforts the passing moment but, in its partial unreality, occasionally leads to tragic awakenings. Luka is a well-meaning but not very safe guide. There is always some discordant fact in life to break the beauty of his song—even as that sad song of the lost souls in the last act is spoiled by tragedy.

The cumulative action of the play is replete with drama. Its nearest American equivalent is Street Scene. No one incident or character entirely dominates, but you get the feeling of flowing life in its many crossed currents. Leo Bulgakov's direction is strong, robust and well accented. He has assembled an excellent company, many of them veterans of the old Provincetown Theatre, such as Mary Morris, Richard Hale, E. J. Ballantine, Walter Abel and Edgar Stehli. The value of Bulgakov's direction shows in the improved quality of their work. Richard Hale, of course, is one of America's real artists, but even he shows enlarged range. Edgar Stehli's Luka is a warm and memorable performance. Anne Seymour and Barbara Bulgakova also contribute stirring moments. Aside from the quite needless profanity, and that part of the slang which is out of keeping with the mood, this production ranks among the best theatrical achievements to be seen on the current stage. (At the Waldorf Theatre.)

The Adoration of the Magi

SHORN of all extraneous trappings with which a commercial production would have invested it, The Adoration of the Magi, a liturgical musical drama of the thirteenth century presented by the Pius X Choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music of the College of the Sacred Heart, City of New York, exemplified the truly devotional celebration of the feast of Christmas. The sanctuary of Saint Thomas the Apostle's Church, with its high and broad Gothic marble altar, formed a setting both appropriate and lovely. A curtain drawn before the altar, a star above and two chairs to the right were the only props used by a director who sensed the spirit of the play and realized the value of simplicity. For the story is that of the Nativity: the angel's appearance to the shepherds, their visit to Bethlehem, the revelation of the Holy Three—the Babe on the altar, the Mother seated before Him, and Saint Joseph standing to the right—the Magi's visit to Herod, their journey to and adoration in the stable and Herod's rage at their return by another route to their own countries. The musical requirements, not very difficult, were excellently met by the freshness and clarity of voice of the girls who took the individual and chorus parts. In pantomime they were even more successful and, with costuming both realistic and rich, their various groupings added a ceremonial pageantry.

One could not witness the narrative drama unfold without a deep appreciation of the intense spiritual joy at the Nativity which all Catholics vaguely sense even if many are apt to overlook it in the purely material observance of Christmas. Nor did one hear the old carols, which with Solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament concluded the evening's devotions, without realizing the sweetness, the sanity and the happiness of this mediaeval celebration of the birthday of Our Divine Saviour. The edification was such, indeed, that one left Saint Thomas's with the wish that The Adoration of the Magi might be repeated in all our churches each Christmas.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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BOOKS

Count Positive

America Set Free, by Count Hermann Keyserling. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

TO MOST of us it would seem a strange experience to feel as cocksure of anything as Count Keyserling feels of everything. No shadow of doubt crosses his mind. He writes with fluency, force and immense self-conviction. His habit of quoting from his own work reveals his mental attitude. If Pilate's musing question, "What is truth?" had been put to him, he would have answered promptly: "What I say."

It is distinctly stated in the introduction of America Set Free that the book is not on America (by which the author means the United States) but for Americans. It is a distinction without a difference. Nobody reads books about this country except its citizens, and they seem never to tire of them. In the present instance they will find much that is true, but little with which they were not already familiar. The lack of culture, the badness of hotel food, the general belief that for some unfathomable reason it is more moral to drink ice water than wine, the crude simplicity of the social outlook, the undue power of wealth, above all, the unfortunate predominance of American women—these things have long been clear to our understanding. Count Keyserling puts the case with admirable conciseness when he says that "All American standards seem to have been set up by the responsible mother"; but there is a somewhat exaggerated sympathy in his picture of the husband and father: "If the American man usually jests in his family, this means that he tries to laugh away the dimly felt sadness of his life."

"Set free" has a winning and a mocking sound. It is probable that no country is, or ever has been, free. The passion of the human heart is to hold the human race in bondage. "We all have a will to personal power," says Bernard Shaw, "which conflicts with the will to social freedom." The United States is laboring today under sterner inhibitions than at any other period of her history. She kicks against the pricks, but she cannot escape; and the immaturity which Count Keyserling criticizes so severely, "the general kindergarten atmosphere," the docility of the "mechanized man-ant," so dear to Henry Ford's heart, are the outcome of abnormal law-making which denies the education of self-restraint.

If Count Keyserling be unduly authoritative, he is none the less good-tempered. He quotes with relish the remark of an American judge that "what Keyserling wants is more and better adultery." This he finds "witty and profound," and he is sure that "only an American could have said it," which is a mistake. That type of wit derives distinctly from England. It is true that the Count has no prejudices against adultery; yet he expresses disgust at the kind of immorality practised by youth in the United States. In this connection he tells some tales of amazing nastiness. As they are all quoted from Judge Lindsey, we may hope they are not true; but, true or false, they constitute a blemish on the pages of a book which, professing to be written on a high plane, has no business to go dipping in the gutters.

In matters religious and spiritual, Count Keyserling writes with the authority of the infallible. He is at home in Zion. He is sure of what God means. He is sure of what Christ meant. He has an analysis always ready. Puritanism he finds "the caste-rule of a conquering race on foreign soil." The Protestant Reformation was but "a rebirth of the original Nordic outlook." The life force of the Catholic Church is "really due to the persistent vitality of antique pagan tradition." It is simple enough but it leaves out a good deal; the structural needs of a working creed, for example, and the avenues of approach. Austerity, as the keynote of religion, has no place in America Set Free. Even decency may be said to take a back seat. "It is very doubtful," we are told, "whether virginity will ever become again an actual, as opposed to an imaginary, ideal." Yet the book closes on a noble note, a note ill-sustained throughout its pages, but which rings clearly and menacingly in the last paragraph: "It depends on the spiritual depth he attains to whether man will ever possess the material world he has conquered externally, or be possessed by it, as is the case today. . . . A final material victory, not permeated by spirit, would mean death absolute. For ultimately, man is nothing but spirit."

AGNES REPPLIER.

The Green Mountain Boy

Ethan Allen, by John Pell. New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company. $5.00.

MR. PELL'S learning is solid. He permits himself no debauch of imaginary conversations and reveries in the manner of Strachey. At the same time he is refreshingly clear as to the nature and method of historical writing. Rejecting the error of the dull and foolish men who say history ought to be thought a "science," he well knows it to be a branch of the literary art. Clio, after all, was one of the Muses, and if historical writing cannot attract the general educated reader then it is not history at all, but only a hodgepodge of material from which history might some day be written. There is a happy lack of foot-notes with which the so-called scientific historians vex their readers. All the formidable apparatus of scholarship is kept in the back of the book where it can easily be found.

Mr. Pell has the further merit of a judicial temper. Himself obviously a self-respecting man, he is free of the detestable itch for attacking tradition—for he knows the difference between analysis and a mere thumbing of the nose.

Besides his merits of method and of temper, our author is fortunate in his subject. On the one hand Ethan Allen was of that picturesque breed of lesser heroes whose genuine virtues are set off by just a touch of the rascal. On the other hand the founder of Vermont shows us how constant is the recurrent American type of the get-rich-quick fellow, slick talker and great bluffer who is by no means all bluff. If his circumstances were those of the eighteenth-century frontier, his spirit seems amazingly contemporary. With a self-restraint rare in print outside the Latin countries, our author permits the reader to draw his own conclusions upon so racy a character, allowing himself but a single phrase of direct moral criticism in a passage to be quoted in a moment.

Of the many strands from which Ethan Allen's life was woven, not the least interesting to the readers of The Commonweal will be his interest in religion. In the intervals of farming, mining, speculating in land, resisting the authority first of the province then of the state of New York, fighting the British, suffering heroically in their prisons and then coquetting with their generals, he found time to aim some shrewd blows at traditional Calvinism. In things religious the author's touch is perhaps not quite so sure as elsewhere. Certain phrases of his make one suspect that he does not sufficiently distinguish between the Calvinist nightmare and the kindlier and more majestic creed of historic Christendom. If indeed there is any

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trace of such confusion in his mind, the further maturity of so just and active an intellect will doubtless soon brush it aside.

The reviewer cannot forbear quoting the last paragraph: "A story got about that Ethan believed in the transmigration of souls. He had told his friends that he expected to live again in the form of a large white horse. Evidently death seemed far away when he suggested the idea, half humorously, half wondering. Perhaps subconsciously he remembered having seen, some October morning, a great white stallion standing on one of those high Vermont hills, with arched neck, mane and tail stirred by the awakening breeze, snorting a little and pawing the damp earth, while he surveyed the lake of white mist below him, the rows of blue hills, ranged, like the seats of some gigantic stadium, beneath a prismatic canopy. Such a picture must have touched this earthy man whose life was spent among those hills, riding and hunting, fighting and plotting for them and their peculiar people. Recurring unexpectedly in the imagination the image seemed prophetic, visionary. But of course, Ethan didn't take even visions quite seriously."

A young man who can write like that, if he persevere, is sure of his place in American letters.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

A Modern Synthesis

Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology, by Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

INTO his latest work, Process and Reality, Professor Whitehead tells us he has "endeavored to compress the material derived from years of meditation." He intends it to be a "more sustained effort of constructive thought," in contrast to mere historical and philosophical criticism. And for the method of philosophical construction he proposes "to frame a scheme of ideas, the best that one can, and unflinchingly to explore the interpretation of experience in terms of that scheme." Accordingly, in Part I, he sets before us his speculative philosophy in a categoreal scheme which gives us, besides the four notions of actual entity, prehension, nexus and the ontological principle, the category of the ultimate, the eight categories of existence, the twenty-seven categories of explanation, and the nine categoreal obligations. Part I concludes with a statement of some derivative notions concerning the primordial nature of God, the divine ordering, creativity, creatures, prehension, etc. But this first part is, he tells us, unintelligible without reference to Part II, in which we have discussion and application of the categories and notions. Part III deals with the theory of prehension; Part IV with the theory of extension; and in Part V we have the final interpretation of God and the world in terms of his scheme of ideas.

Altogether the undertaking is an ambitious one, as we should be prepared to expect from a philosopher of Professor Whitehead's standing when he attempts to deal constructively with a subject so broad and so fundamental as cosmology. It would, therefore, be empty pretense to offer to evaluate the work in the few paragraphs that can be devoted to a review. And even if one were to make the attempt, his confidence that he had grasped Professor Whitehead's meaning would be severely shaken by the extreme difficulty of following an unusual terminology through 500 pages of very abstruse discussion. We can all sympathize with the desire of the modern philosopher to find forms of expression that are free from the connotations of our familiar terms. But even in so praiseworthy an attempt there must be some limit in the strain to be put on the reader's powers of understanding. After much study we recognize some features of our familiar world under the strange phraseology; but somehow we cannot help wondering whether the result arrived at was worth the effort. And when we learn (e. g., from Professor Eddington) that the methods of physical science lead "not to a concrete reality, but to a shadow world of symbols," we may even doubt whether our sense of humor will allow us to take a philosophical construction of the same universe too seriously.

The philosophy which this work unfolds is the philosophy of organism. But Professor Whitehead warns us that the state of things in this philosophy is far different from Saint Thomas's view of the mind as informing the body. For, "the living body is a coördination of high-grade actual occasions; but in a living body of a low type the occasions are much nearer to a democracy. In a living body of a high type there are grades of occasions so coördinated by their paths of inheritance through the body, that a peculiar richness of inheritance is enjoyed by various occasions in some parts of the body." This warning is given to keep us from forgetting that the central dominance of a "form" is only partial. Yet Professor Whitehead claims to be within the Platonic tradition in the sense that "if we had to render Plato's general point of view with the least changes made necessary by the intervening 2,000 years of human experience in social organization, in aesthetic attainments, in science and in religion, we should have to set about the construction of a philosophy of organism." But somehow, when we remember the dominance of the idea of the good in Plato, we find it hard to think that he would recognize his general point of view in a world where central dominance is only partial.

Naturally we turn with most interest to Part V, in which the final interpretation of God and the world is found. To our disappointment we are told that here the system is inadequate, and that deductions in this sphere are no more than suggestions. Nevertheless Professor Whitehead has no hesitation in saying that the combination of God as the Unmoved Mover and as "eminently real" is a fallacy, though it is not made clear why this is so. To him God is "bipolar." Viewed as primordial, the nature of God is "unlimited conceptual realization of the absolute wealth of potentiality." But so viewed it is not before creation; is not "eminent reality," but is "deficiently actual." We must not call it fulness of feeling, nor consciousness. Viewed as consequent, the nature of God is "determined, incomplete, consequent, 'everlasting,' fully actual, and conscious." And as this is post-Einstein philosophy, the principle of relativity is found to have its application in the statement of such antitheses as the following:

"It is as true that God is permanent and the world fluent, as that the world is permanent and God is fluent."

"It is as true to say that God is one and the world many, as that the world is one and God many."

"It is as true to say that the world is immanent in God, as that God is immanent in the world."

"It is as true to say that God creates the world, as that the world creates God."

And finally we are told that "God and the world are the contrasted opposites in terms of which creativity achieves its supreme task of transforming disjoined multiplicity, with its diversities in opposition, into concrescent unity, with its diversities in contrast." Now we know that we have very imperfectly understood Professor Whitehead, and this is doubtless why we cannot see how it is that, if to creativity is to be assigned this "supreme task," creativity is not God.

JOHN F. MCCORMICK.

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To Have or To Be

Roots, by Eduardo Zamacois. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

ROOTS is doubtless one of the best works of fiction that has come out of Spain since the war. It is thoroughly Spanish, powerful and picturesque. Possibly it might be more sympathetic to Catholicism, though it is far from open hostility.

It is the old, but ever fresh story of Cain, the materialist, whose interest is to have, and Abel, the contemplative dreamer, whose ideal of life is to be. Beginning with these divergent outlooks on life, the narrative moves majestically toward a tragic climax which early in the course of the story projects itself as something inevitable. Every incident, trivial if detached from the story, assumes great significance in its cumulative effect, imparting to the whole plot logical necessity. The estrangement of the Santoyo brothers grows gradually, progressively as their characters develop, each consistent with itself, following the bends of their original personalities.

Despite the rapid movement of the action and the almost crude realism of the style, the work contains a certain symbolic quality, subtler in some respects than in others. The title, almost literally translated from the Spanish, is possibly meant to suggest, not only the different, varying roots of a family, but also the desire to live and the love of worldly possessions as the roots of conflict, of tragedy, of evil. Perhaps too, it has still another significance: the roots of Spanish nationality—Castile—the land of castles built to withstand the Moorish invasion, "rugged but nurse of heroes," like Odysseus's Ithaca, parched and burning in summer, in winter covered with snow, bleak and frozen, melancholy at times with the howling of wolves. Carrascal del Horcajo, the setting of the novel, recalls another Castilian town—Orbajosa—in Galdos's *Doña Perfecta*. Both are doubtless symbolical ruins of the glory that was Castile, but of the two, I prefer the former for its sympathy and depth. Old Castile again lives in Carrascal with its primitive mentality, its gnomic wisdom and strict code of honor, its rank individualism, its insensibility to pain and mysticism, qualities which, in the period of greatest development, found expression in her heroes and saints.

E. R. PINEDA.

Leisure and a Room

A Room of One's Own, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.00.

THE poor old world has problems aplenty in our day: the outlawry of war, adequate treatment of crime, the stabilizing of prosperity, temperance vs. prohibition, proper values in education, and—most important because more abiding than all—women. The word evokes a thousand questions to which venturesome men have, occasionally, proposed an answer. Now comes Mrs. Woolf, the English novelist, and turns her hand—a very deft hand—to the problem, confining herself to a limited number of questions whose implications go far. What is the truth about women's nature? Why have they been confined to child-bearing and domestic tasks? What conditions are necessary for the creation of works of art for men—and inferentially for women? What effect has poverty on works of art?

Originally Mrs. Woolf considered these matters in an hour lecture before a group of English women students and later she expanded it into a book where her treatment could be more leisurely. She is not only leisurely but occasionally wise, sometimes witty and always skilful.

In the past, women faced almost insurmountable difficulties if they sought to leave the narrow circle within which social convention confined them. Their "material difficulties were formidable; but much worse were the immaterial. The indifference of the world which Keats and Flaubert and other men of genius have found so hard to bear was in her case not indifference but hostility. The world did not say to her as it said to them, write if you choose; it makes no difference to me. The world said, with a guffaw, 'Write? What's the good of your writing?' "

Of course women wrote now and then, Aphra Behn in the seventeenth century, Fanny Burney in the eighteenth and, following along after, Jane Austen, the Brontës and George Eliot, but they had many difficulties in a man-ruled world, Mrs. Woolf reminds us, which, she insists, must be entirely removed. She admits that much has been done: now a woman may go to college, possess property and vote. But these concessions merely point the way. If a woman is to become a creative writer, produce poetry, fiction, biography, history, etc., she cannot be the prey to poverty or constant interruption. She must have leisure (which Mrs. Woolf translates into £500 a year) and a "room of her own."

What will happen then? Will women then begin to do creative work, especially in literature and art? Mrs. Woolf makes no promises. She contents herself with the modest exhortation to her listeners that, if they do no more, at least they prepare the way for the women who may come later and some day achieve greatly.

Mrs. Woolf's keen critical sense enlivens the book. She says finely of Coleridge that "when one takes a sentence of his into the mind, it explodes and gives birth to all kinds of other ideas." Of Galsworthy and Kipling, that their books are permeated with an emotion which is "incomprehensible to a woman. Thus all their qualities seem to a woman hard and immature. They lack suggestive power. And when a book lacks suggestive power, however hard it hits the surface of the mind, it cannot penetrate within."

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

Amiens and Elsewhere

Churches of France, by Dorothy Noyes Arms and John Taylor Arms. New York: The Macmillan Company. $20.00.

NOT frequently does the bored stay-at-home, teased by visions of gracious French towers and apses which he has no means of seeing in the stone, come upon so fine a substitute for travel as the Armses have provided. Instinct guided them to just the right churches, decorously and with no drain of well-proportioned enthusiasm. Almost every edifice has, of course, been sketched and etched before. The book-shops of any town in Gaul you care to mention will display, with a bow, reams of parchment upon which illustrious Gothic has been traced anew. It is therefore a genuine compliment to say that here old wine has been smuggled into a new bottle with a skill one applauds resoundingly. It is a beautiful book, in every sense. And, perhaps more rare, it can be thoroughly enjoyed.

There are fifty-one reproductions of etchings and drawings by Mr. Arms, whose handicraft is sufficiently renowned. Naturally they suffer a little from curtailment, but in general they remain convincing and effective. Few of our artists combine so uncompromising a knowledge of composition with so firm and accurate a line. The customary blurs of impressionistic sketching and the excessive shadings of the virile school are alike missing. Mr. Arms's rendering of Saint Etienne,

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Bourges, is an interesting and fairly representative example of his work. A characteristic street provides foreground and frame for the towers and the marvelously intricate porch; and light is blended with shadow with a memorable, if classical, poetic feeling. But to me the best page in the book is the etching of Saint Julien, Le Mans, in which a somewhat drab subject grows into a composition having admirable mass and fluidity. Naturally one cannot expect to find the especial virtues of other schools, and I think that in one or two instances Mr. Arms was mistaken in trying to reach out for them. All in all, however, a lover of the French scene might gratefully add every single illustration in this book to his collection. Seeing them all together is to go in imagination through dozens of the lovely old cities—Paris and Rouen, Coutances and Troyes, Poitiers and Vézelay, and ever so many others.

The text is charmingly informal, never vapid and above all never given to display of learning or its lack. It is, to be sure, a quite feminine record, into which chance acquaintances and happy moments are woven with an appealing gratitude. One appreciates the reverence with which religious emotion—the thread out of which, after all, the great cathedrals were spun—is treated by those who, themselves, do not possess it. Mrs. Arms surrounds her husband's pictures with a narrative which, it is sufficient to say, is a fitting accompaniment.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Grandfather's Chair

Genuine Antique Furniture, by Arthur de Bles. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $6.00.

MR. DE BLES, an art expert, has lectured on furniture for the last ten years at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. So in this record of the styles of furniture, there is supplied not only the authentic word, but the element of romance which is provided by the history of furniture. Mr. de Bles is both informative and entertaining, without stooping to a "popular" style.

The clarity and preciseness of his remarks carry import for the connoisseur as well as the casual collector. He has been at pains to outline the difficulties and snares of furniture fakers, and contributes an amusing list of the types of furniture dealers, both good and bad. His remarks on the distinguishing features of authentic antiques should be of great advantage to future purchasers.

After glancing at Greek and Roman furniture, the book begins its history properly with the Gothic. Here the author is to be found in accord with Dr. Walsh, citing The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries, and recording "its imperishable glories." After which are reported in order, the developments of the Italian and French renaissance, the Tudor and Elizabethan, the Queen Anne, the Louis, the Regency and the Georgian styles in furniture-making.

Five chapters are devoted to American wood works. Mr. de Bles all but proves—in so far as circumstance allow—that the Windsor chair was first the product of American design and craftsmanship. He remarks that the English adaption was by no means so graceful. For the colonial craftsmanship of John Goddard of Newport and William Savery of Philadelphia, Mr. de Bles has high praise. He includes them among the greatest cabinet-makers and most skilled art-craftsmen.

The book is provided with 200 illustrations, comprising drawings, and photographs of typical pieces. The fine readable type is a happy example of good craftsmanship in book-making.

EDWIN CLARK.

Approaches to Sociology

An Introduction to Sociology, by Carl A. Dawson and Warner E. Gettys. New York: Ronald Press Company. $4.50.

THE publication of a new text-book in sociology is not now an event as it was twenty-five years ago. There are many introductions to sociology and new ones come out with great frequency. But one could read most of them with little idea that they were introductions to the same subject. Sociologists differ markedly in their approach to sociology. Some approach through social problems, others through psychology, biology, history, anthropology or geography. The subject-matter is so vast that authors and professors are necessarily eclectics.

This newest text is by Professors Dawson of McGill and Gettys of Texas University. The approach is through the local community life of the individual. Descriptive material about types of city environment—The Gold Coast, The Area of Furnished Rooms, The Slum, The Language Group Community and The Village Community—is outlined to give the student a concrete idea of his immediate surroundings. From this is derived the concept of Social Institutions. Then follow chapters on Selective Distribution of People and Institutions, The Mechanism of Social Interaction, Social Interaction in Relation to Ecological and Cultural Forces, Conflict, Accommodation, Assimilation, and The Social Order. Other divisions of the book relate to Society and the Person, Social Change, and Sociological Method.

The book freely uses selections from special reports and standard writers, and builds its conclusion from descriptions of actual social life. This method in the hands of a well-informed and skilful teacher is undoubtedly good. It does not lend itself readily to the general reader. The book itself is more advanced than the word "introduction" would indicate, and probably should be preceded by a volume having a simpler approach to social problems.

JOHN A. LAPP.

Ten Years

Europe: A History of Ten Years, by Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ALMOST a year ago, the present reviewer appraised the first edition of this book in The Commonweal. While exception was taken to a couple of statements, the work was praised for its high factual value and its unusual objectivity.

This new edition contains important additions, chief among them an account of the accord between the Holy See and the Italian government, and last summer's conference at the Hague into which Mr. Philip Snowden threw his much-discussed verbal bomb.

The author and his collaborators do not philosophize over the Lateran treaties, but briefly explain their nature and the benefits expected to arise from them. The discovery of a piece of impartial writing on this delicate subject is so rare as to be almost disconcerting.

A praiseworthy desire to present all aspects of a controversial topic and to weigh elements of both strength and weakness is apparent in information which is added regarding both the machinery and the operation of the League of Nations. American readers, to whom the book is especially addressed, would do well to ponder the sections which bring out the League's achievements, limitations and potentialities. We shall not sacrifice our right to approve or to disapprove of this agency for international action by acquiring a sufficient knowledge of

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its nature to give really satisfactory reason for the faith or unfaith that is in us.

This informing and inexpensive book should be in the libraries of all secondary schools and colleges. It will give students a ready means of learning facts of contemporary importance without forcing them to wade first through many pages of special pleading.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Hispanic Melody

Some Spanish-American Poets; translated by Alice Stone Blackwell. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

SOME impression of the scope and variety of this anthology may be conveyed by observing that poems from the works of eighty-nine authors have been chosen to represent nineteen Spanish-American countries. The introduction and notes by Isaac Goldberg add not a little to the value of the collection, giving us, as they do, interesting information about our Spanish-American neighbors—neighbors of whom most of us are so very shockingly ignorant.

Miss Blackwell has selected really representative authors and most interesting examples of their work. For instance, we become conscious of strength and color in the poems of Ruben Dario of Nicaragua, of mystical and spiritual qualities in the work of Amado Nervo of Mexico, and of rare fervor and singing qualities in the lyrics of Gabriela Mistral of Chile.

The translator's versions enable even the reader not overly familiar with the Spanish language to discern a great many of the qualities of the original. The translations are accurate and literal even if inspiration is not evident in many of them. As is usual in such cases the prose versions are superior to those in metre. It is to be regretted that Miss Blackwell did not occasionally avail herself of some of the really excellent translations made by previous authors, such as, for instance, those included in the Hispanic Anthology of the late Thomas Walsh. Her aim, however, is not perfection in the English versions but an endeavor to indicate the beauty of the poems in the original.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

Polish Folk-Lore

The Queen of Heaven, by Maryan Gawalewicz; translated from the Polish by Lucia Borski Szczepanowicz and Kate B. Miller. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

CONSIDERED only as a contribution to the literature of folk-lore and destined only for the use of those well grounded in all dogmas that pertain to Our Blessed Lady, this collection of legends that have been current for centuries among the Polish peasantry is thoroughly worthy of recommendation and praise.

Despite its beauty as a whole and the fineness of its purpose, the book is a dangerous one for children or for poorly instructed Catholics; for it embodies a number of heresies. Manicheism is manifested in the legend about Creation. There is a confusion of the mythical Lilith and the Blessed Virgin, in that Adam is first given a wife fashioned of flowers, who cannot satisfy him and is therefore taken to heaven that she may again come on earth as the Mother of God's Son; thus Mary is not a real child of Adam and hence the humanity taken from her by Christ is not the humanity which sinned and hence the Redemption was unavailing.

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Briefer Mention

New York, by Nat J. Ferber. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.50.

NOT like the walls of Troy, which rose to the persuasion of Apollo's lute, were the tremendous towers of New York erected, and its amazing miles of homes and factories built. Jewish peddlers, house-painters, plumbers and pants-makers, with sweated savings in the bank and a shrewd eye on the main chance, were the gods in the machine that spun this fabric. They met in one-arm cafeterias on Court Street, Brooklyn, and elsewhere; and other customers of these elegant refectories, hearing them talk in millions, would remark sarcastically, "Telephone numbers—they all get like that." But the millions were dollars, and were real—these hard-headed immigrants and sons of immigrants made them come real. Of course others—natives, Gentiles, men not given to "dunking" their doughnuts—have helped build modern New York too. But very largely it has been a Jewish business; and the hero of this book is not so much any individual as the spirit of this people, in all its variety, with all its lovable qualities, its pettinesses, moral blind-spots and heroisms. In a style that is sometimes hurried, generally adequate, and in many passages of dialogue rich, racy and alive, Mr. Ferber has written at once a spirited and deeply interesting novel, and a chronicle of New York in the last forty years that is of real historical value.

Plain Reasons for Being a Catholic, by Albert Powers, S.J. New York: Frederick Pustet Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

IT WILL be a surprise to many of the laity to know that the Catholic system is based on reason. They will welcome this admirable book as a confirmation of their faith. Inquirers, however, may be repelled by its argumentative form which many of them will not have the mental training to follow. Non-Catholics have not only been deprived of the Faith but also of the natural means of recovering it. To most of them logic is as meaningless as mythology. We are afraid that it does not answer the popular objections to the Bible.

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